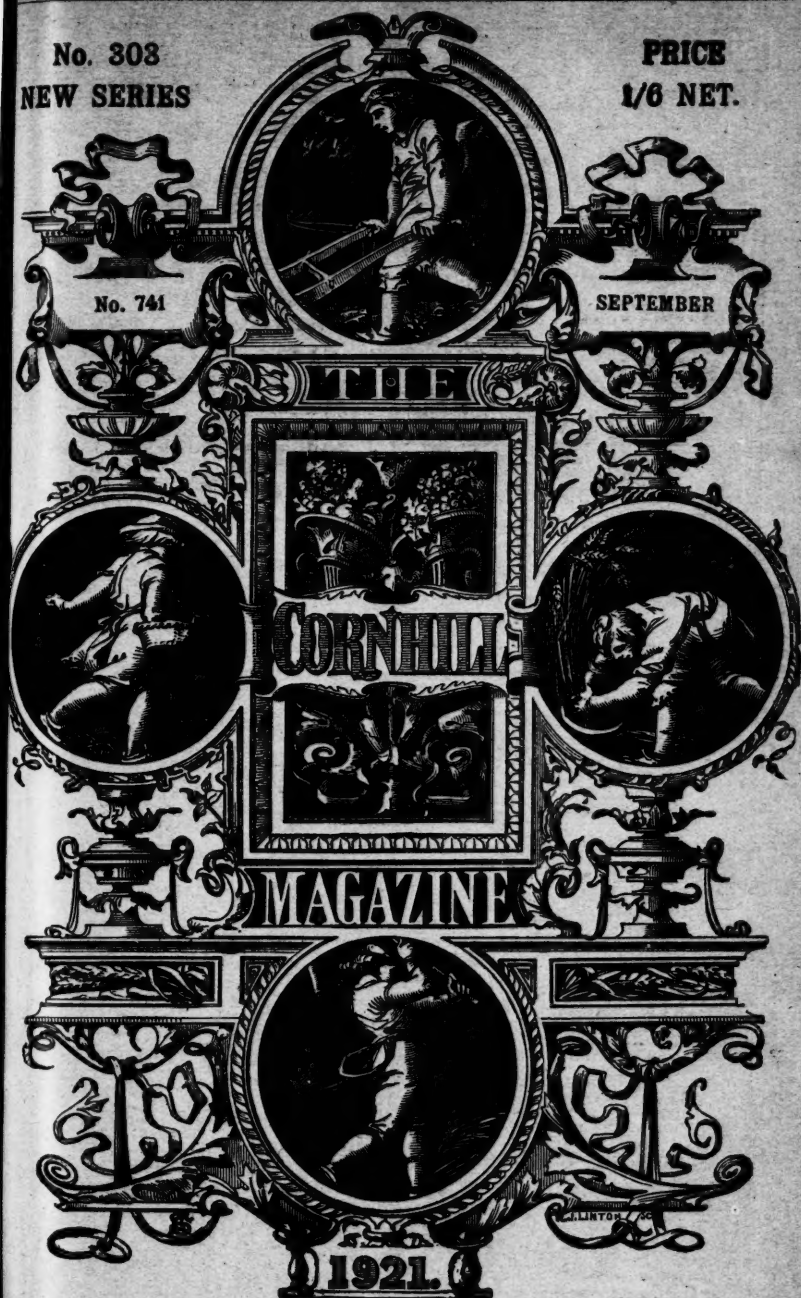


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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1921.

THE GREEN MOTH.

BY G. E. MITTON AND J. GEORGE SCOTT.

CHAPTER IX (*continued*).

'MICHING MALLECHO.'

HU called to the fiddler, who turned, and after a moment's hesitation, shook hands with himself Chinese fashion; that is to say, he doubled up his two hands and raised them up and down together in front of his chest.

'*Tsing tsin lai*—ah, you don't talk Mandalin—please come insidee house—I see little of you. You talk English? Burmese?'

'I see little of you' (the polite Chinese stock phrase) did not at all impress the fiddler, who was not aware of ever having set eyes on Hu before; nevertheless he came back slowly and suspiciously. 'Can talkee Burmese,' he said. 'Talkee Ying-la-li (English) too muchee little.'

'*Maskee*,' said Hu. 'You come along my insidee house. Some fliends have got.'

Ah Su followed through to the room where Wang and Liu were, still looking askance at Hu. After the usual common form inquiries and compliments Liu said: 'I b'long komplador Majolam Hong fireship. You stop allo time Majolam housee? He b'long good man?'

Ah Su looked at him defiantly for a moment before he replied: 'No! My no likee he. He b'long too muchee bad-heart man. He one piecey velley culio man; inside he mouth too muchee dam. He b'long flen' you? No flen'?''

'So! You think so fashion? My think all same you. Mr. Hu, Mr. Wang, they two piecey men think allo same. We three piecey men velly much wantchee flighten that Ying-ka-li man. By-m-bye he go 'nother side. Then we make plenty dolla.'

'Hei yah,' said Su. 'You no makee play pidgin. My no b'long *La-li-lung*; my no b'long one piecey dakoitee tief-man.'

Han-bya he hab too muchee golo (gold). 'Nother man no can catchee. He b'long too plenty smart inside. He hab got two, fai, eight piecey man look-see outside him bunglo, what time he wailo (go outside); what time he stoppee inside. He numpa one dam cleva. No can catchee him golo.'

'My savvy allo same you,' broke in Liu, holding up his hand to keep Hu and Wang from speaking. 'Mr. Hu, Mr. Wang, they two piecey gentimen hab got plenty dolla, all same Majolam. They no wantchee him dolla, wantchee catchee him die. You no savvy one piecey sword-man can cuttee off him head what time he wailo (goes abroad) some piecey place no hab got 'nother man.'

'No can do,' said Su emphatically. 'Never time Han-bya wailo town side, countali side, he not plenty smart look-see! Hab got one piecey pistoley, hab got six piecey mouth. He makee shoot chop-chop. B'long too muchee fightee pidgin. No can flighten he. No calee (care) one hunda piecey sword-man. He too muchee sassy galaw.'

'Velly good,' said Hu. 'My tinkee cuttee him head no b'long good joss pidgin. You make ear-hear my—Majolam, Han-bya, he no walkee sometime inside countali; hab got no fliend, hab got no servant man? Supposey go so fashion, ten, twelve, piecey man can catchee him there, makee tie he hand, leg, mouth, then cally (carry) him puttee he Mr. Liu fire-boat, supposey catchee him there hab finishee head and tail flingee he big sea. How that fashion?'

'Hei yah,' ejaculated Su, looking cautiously round the corner of the door, 'that b'long mo' better pidgin. Han-bya he one time no go any side walkee, allo time go motor-ca' makee lun (run) velly fasta all same hoss gallopee. 'Nother time, ten, feiteen day, he makee love pidgin. Wantchee kissee one piecey girley, all same flower-heart. Supposey wantchee kissee, no can go motor ca', no can go town side; hab got too muchee piecey man. My tinkee so fashion can catchee he chop-chop; makee cally fire-boat.'

Hu, Wang, and Liu looked at one another and simultaneously turned up their thumbs.

'Hai, now you talkee plopa pidgin. You savvy that piecey girley? What side she stop?' asked Hu, talking under his breath.

Ah Su leaned forward and was about to give a scrape to his beloved fiddle, but stopped suddenly and edged back from the table so that he could not be seen by anyone looking in at the door. 'My no savvy who-man that piecey girley,' he began.

'My tinkee she no b'long foolo. Hab make flowa-heart catchee Han-bya, catchee plenty dolla. One-time dressee han'some allo same Meinkley savvy one piecey Burmese girley, 'nother time Ying-ka-li fashion allo same gentlum. B'long numpa-one cleva girley.'

'What side they go?' asked all three conspirators simultaneously.

Ah Su blinked cunningly and fingered his fiddle again. 'My no hab wailo—go look-see. My hab look-see takee that Burmese pwè, that time burnee Pôngyi. Allo time hab got too much piecey man. My tinkee by-m-bye they wantchee go countali side, velly dark, makee love-pidgin. S'posey you gib me largey cumshaw twenti, tatti dolla, my can go look-see.'

Liu looked eagerly at his friends. '*Ping-On*, fire-ship, no can man-man plenty day-lo (cannot stay long in port). Now betta finish one time chop-chop.'

Hu and Wang exchanged glances and carried on a rapid conversation in Hindustani. Then Hu said: 'All plawpa, Ah Su. You b'long numpa one cleva; all-same Flower-flag Melikan man. To-morrow *Ming-tien* can-do that pidgin?'

Ah Su got up, put his fiddle under his arm and backed out into the street with a complimentary chorus of '*Fa-tsai*,' '*Fa-tsai*' (get rich) following him.

Then Hu turned to his companions and said: 'We have got first chop good plan now. Mr. Liu, you savvy that Ying-ka-li custom, foreign devil go inside country makee chow-chow? Englishman he talkee pic-nic. Hao-la! We can sendee chit Majolam talkee askee he come pic-nic bring Ying-ka-li mistress alongside he. Then we bring sailor man, coolie man, catchee he, carry that fire-boat *Ping-On*. How you tinkee?'

Liu gazed before him vacantly for a minute or two, and then looked first at Wang and then at Hu, before he said slowly: 'My tinkee your talkee b'long velly good talkee, but too muchy man-man. *Ping-On* no can stoppee man-man, must sailee chop-chop. Have got plenty cargo, can makee finish all that lice inside him two day, three day. I tinkee must finish chop-chop. You savvy what Lao-tze say: "Heaven and earth exhibit no benevolence, to them the ten thousand things are like grass-dogs" (simple yokels). We three piecey gentlum no b'long grass-dog, wantchee do allo ting chop-chop. I savvy that countali chow-chow pic-nic pidgin. Allo time plenty people come. No can do thing plawpa.

My talkee this fashion. Supposey get some bobbili man catchee that piecey girley makee take countali side, no hab got house. Then talkee that piecey girley. Ah Su he can do, he b'long Majolam. Kunpanty—him boy—can talkee that piecey girley so-fashion. "Missee sendee chit that Han-bya so-fashion :—'Plenty pi-late man have catchee my ; cally my that far-side countali place. My muchee flaid floggee mee, wantchee too plenty piecey dolla. You come chop-chop, all same one piecey *taipan* numpa one fightee man makee kill that pi-late man, cally me back your housee.'" Then she finish chittee, gib him that Ah Su, talkee "makee cally that letter chop-chop, Majolam, the b'long numpa one gentlum, give too muchee cumshaw." My tinkee that mo' betta pidgin. Can finish plenty quick.'

Hu and Wang were greatly taken with this idea, and Wang said, 'Hei yah, you b'long plenty cleva inside, Mr. Liu. Can do, can do.'

And Hu added: '*Hao, Hao law*. That b'long numpa one top-side smart pidgin. My savvy one piecey Burmee boy. He makee lose plenty dolla play fan-tam. He makee cally that girley country side. Can catchee boat, takee she one piecey too muchee big hole inside hill. There can makee put plison (prison) that girley. Sendee Ah Su catchee chit. B'long first chop good thing. My muchee chin-chin you, Mr. Liu, first chop pukka pidgin.'

Wang also agreed effusively. So it was decided that Darya should be abducted as soon as possible and carried off to one of the caves higher up the river. Then the three parted ceremoniously, after drinking another cup of Chinese wine.

CHAPTER X.

'PREND GARDE A TOI.'

THERE were a good many people not belonging to the Commission at Thornthwaite's house on New Year's Eve, and this gave the party a more lively character than those strictly official dinners sometimes given by the Fitzroys. The Seymours were there, and the first person Darya saw on entering the room was Marjoram, but he made no attempt to come up and speak to her, and as dinner was almost immediately announced, and he was seated farther down on the same side as herself, she could not see him at all.

The men outnumbered the ladies, for a great many of them had made the usual visit to headquarters for the season's festivities, coming in from jungle camps and out-stations. There were however about nine ladies, a most respectable number in a place where the feminine element was almost always in the minority. Darya was between the Civil Surgeon, whom she already knew slightly, and a lively young fellow who had recently joined the Great Forest Corporation, and at present was inclined to see the rose-coloured side of everything. The dinner went well from the beginning. Thornthwaite was an excellent host, and popular with the right sort of men, even though they sometimes addressed him with the prefix 'Old.' As a host he came out of his shell, and was as nearly genial as it was possible for one of his temperament to be. His table was always lavish, and he watched unobtrusively but keenly to see that no glass was empty.

After dinner the ladies went out on to the upper verandah, which had been decorated with large pots of ferns and arums and with baskets of orchids hanging from the roof. It was a very still night, and the moon was at the full, sending down its beams brightly outside in contrast with the warm glow of the shaded lamps inside.

Darya kept resolutely to her chaperon's side, and they found a dark corner together behind a mass of greenery. They had not been there long when, amid the general chatter which was going on, and the clinking of cups as the coffee was handed round, a very clear and penetrating voice, trying to whisper, came to their ears from the other side of the clump of ferns. It was the more arresting because it was a sibilant whisper and on a different note from the rest of the general talk.

'Most unusual to see her at a dinner-party,' said the voice. 'Poor girl! With her colouring too, I wonder she dare brave it.'

'You believe that story then?' asked the lady addressed, in low clear tones.

'I neither believe nor disbelieve, but it's highly probable. That old Mah Pah Oo who lives with her would never tell the truth of course, or the girl would have no right to the money she inherited from her reputed father.'

'If she is her own child it must be very hard for the old thing sometimes.'

Darya sat petrified. She had not at first grasped that they were speaking of her, but later it was unmistakable. As she

looked wide-eyed at Mrs. Bulteel, the Khansamah came round to that side of the verandah with the coffee tray, the speakers rose, and taking their coffee moved off.

Mrs. Bulteel's warm, rather moist hand was over Darya's at once. 'My dear,' she said emphatically, 'it's all nonsense. You know the malicious and wicked gossip of such places as these. No-one could look at you and believe this base scandal true for a moment.'

'It's my fault, all my own fault,' cried Darya passionately. 'If I had been like other girls, if I had lived conventionally and allowed myself to be smothered by other people, they would never have invented this. It is the mystery that has made them talk about me. They won't let me alone, and it's grown and grown——'

'Perhaps you have been a little to blame, but don't take it to heart so. My dear! The things they say—why, even about me at my age there was a scandal, but I only laughed, and this is a mere empty *canard*, no one believes it.'

'But they've all heard it, they have all heard of it——'

Soon after the men came trooping up the stairs. Darya sprang to her feet when she saw them. 'I'm going among them,' she said to Mrs. Bulteel. 'I shall take my own part and show them what liars they are.'

As she emerged from the corner, and came full under the light of the hanging hurricane lamp, Marjoram, who had been looking for her, hastened to her side.

'Aha!' he said cheerfully, 'I have something for you. I have inquired everywhere for the owner of the little moth, and no one knows anything about it, so it's yours by right.'

'It's perfectly lovely,' Darya cried gaily, with the first shade of affectation he had heard in her voice. 'I'm afraid I'm naughty enough to be glad no one has claimed it. I never saw an ornament I liked so much.'

She was dressed in a gown unusual for a girl, Oriental in colouring, a nasturtium gold, which shimmered as she moved, but was so beautifully draped with soft real lace that it was in no way harsh. As she spoke she unfastened a gold safety-pin brooch in the fall of laces on her breast, and passed it through the ring which was set beneath the thorax of the moth and did not show. When she had fixed it to her liking, it looked as if the insect hovered above the lace. As they two stood there together Marjoram noticed a real green moth among the cloud of winged things that

had come in attracted by the lamp-light. It was rather smaller than the model, but very much the same colour. He called Darya's attention to it and tried to clutch it with his hand, but it evaded him.

'I'm glad it's free,' Darya cried. 'Why should you crush it?' But even as she spoke he made another snatch, and brought down the insect, crumpled and palpitating, in his palm. A strange feeling made Darya shiver. Though she had only seen this man twice, each time it seemed to her some dark omen came between them to warn her. This time she felt for a moment almost as if her own spirit had been in that free gay moth, that it was she who had danced lightly out of reach, only to be snatched and broken when she thought herself safe! Tom Marjoram opened his hand, and let the crushed creature fall to the ground. Was it thus she should be released, broken and maimed, past mending? She looked at him sorrowfully.

'I don't know why you should mind so much,' he said in answer to the reproach on her face. 'I wouldn't have done it if I had known,' and then to change the current of her thoughts he launched out on a fairy-tale invented on the spur of the moment.

'There is a real green moth, I find,' he began. 'A human one. This is only his emblem. So long as you wear it you are safe, but if you lose it beware his vengeful power.'

Darya listened with absorbed interest, her dark eyes sparkling, her lips slightly parted.

'You don't believe in that trash?' he asked surprised.

It was on the tip of her tongue to answer, 'You forget, I am half-Burman in thought, and spirits of all kinds have always been realities for me,' but she remembered in time the warning she had had, and exclaimed instead, 'Believe it? I love it! I shall guard my green moth with awe!'

Marjoram had at once perceived the change in her when he came upstairs, little as he had previously seen her. To-night she was bright, roguish and light-hearted, and immediately became the centre of attraction. He was not long left to talk to her alone; the other men clustered round, and Whateley, a big Forest man, said rather clumsily, 'You are wearing that I suppose as a warning to all of us poor moths who flutter round you?'

'He means to say you are a scorcher, Miss Molineux,' chimed in Jack Felton, the young man who had sat next to her at dinner.

Darya stood, with her hands behind her on the back of a tall

chair, balancing a little backward, and kept them all in play easily with a kind of roguish simplicity that had not a trace of forwardness in it.

'Si je t'aime prend garde à toi,' she exclaimed without hesitation in response to this sally.

'I wouldn't mind taking the risk,' said Jack Felton under his breath.

Whateley looked nonplussed, but a slight dark man standing near to her swung round. 'A jest is often truer than the truth,' said he in a low tone.

'I might revise Pilate and ask "What is a jest?"' Darya countered.

'A jest is often the saddest thing on earth,' he answered, drawing nearer and looking fixedly at the green moth.

'Or a cloak for the saddest thing on earth.'

'Has your moth given you his message yet?' he asked.

Marjoram, according to his custom, had withdrawn from the circle the moment the other men joined in. Darya glanced round to see where he was before detaching the ornament. 'Message? No. What message?' she asked, putting it in the hand of the new-comer.

'Take care, Mayhew, it's a new version of an old tale. She's Circe, but she'll turn us all into moths not swine,' said Felton.

Mayhew took no heed of him. 'Marjoram showed me this the other day,' he said, 'and I found some Chinese characters on the back. It's a way the Chinese have. They love to put balanced phrases on everything.'

'Can you read Chinese?'

'Chinese? Yes, all the ninety-nine alphabets and nine hundred and ninety-nine written characters,' explained Whateley. 'Mayhew chums with me when I'm at headquarters, and so I learn about these things.'

'Tell me what it says,' said Darya, looking straight at the dark, lean Oriental scholar.

'As nearly as I can get it, it runs:

"The current flows deeply beneath the Pool of Life:
Lose me and you shall find that which is not."

As he ended Darya discovered Thornthwaite standing near her. 'Can *you* understand it?' she asked him.

Instead of giving a direct answer Thornthwaite addressed Mayhew. 'Can you?' he asked in his turn.

The eyes of the two men met, as Darya studied their faces. 'You both have some sort of an idea,' she ventured. 'But to me the words mean nothing.'

'Perhaps they will some day,' said the Orientalist darkly, handing her back the moth. As he did so, came a cry for everyone to join hands preparatory to the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' at the hour of the departed year according to custom.

There was a sudden flurry, and a scramble of hands around Darya who remained passive, and when she stood out with the two men who had captured hers, she found herself between Marjoram and Thornthwaite. She was not surprised at the latter, for he had been next to her, and she only wondered whether, foreseeing what was coming, he had taken care to make this strategic movement in advance, but she was greatly astonished to find herself captured by Marjoram, whom she had noted a minute before at the other end of the verandah. Her heart sank a trifle at this ill omen.

The lamps were lowered, and there were a few moments of silence while they all waited for the striking of the clock, and then there rang out the well-worn words:

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne?
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.'

The swinging of the hands was vigorous; the voices rose in tuneful chorus, in which the deeper tones predominated. There were some splendid singers among the men, and nearly all could join in fairly well. The volume of sound rolled out from the dark verandah, and swelled over the gentle breast of the hill, transformed by the moon into a frosted whiteness reminiscent of 'home.' The strains met and challenged other strains coming from other scattered bungalows where groups of friends were doing exactly the same thing. There were men and women in all the groups, who had sung the words in this fashion for many and many a year, and had found in them a heartache every time; a longing for home and for chubby faces and clinging fingers, that grew every year less chubby and less clinging, until childhood was gone.

A buzz of congratulations and New Year good wishes succeeded

the breaking of the chain, and every man in the place seemed to make for Darya. To most of them it had been a revelation that anything so bright and fresh and yet so finished could be seen in Mottama.

As soon as he could say it without being overheard Marjoram asked, 'You'll let me see you home, won't you?'

Darya told him she was going with Mrs. Bulteel. He turned away impatiently, and did not come near her again even to say good night.

Darya went down to the gharry on one side of her host. 'I know now the suitable epitaph for you,' she told him smiling. 'Write me as one that loves his fellow men.' Doesn't that suit him, Mrs. Bulteel?'

Thornthwaite was never very ready with his words, but she could see that he was pleased.

As the two women drove away in the dark Mrs. Bulteel put her arm round Darya's waist and kissed her, and a very unusual impulse made Darya cling to her and return the kiss warmly.

'I wanted to tell you,' said the kindly chaperon, 'how rejoiced I was to see your spirit. If anyone ever really harboured that ugly suspicion, they must have been convinced of its absurdity after seeing you as you were to-night.'

On arriving home Darya passed alone into the little bungalow where a night-light burned on the hall table. Her natural kind-heartedness would ordinarily have prevented her arousing Mah Pah Oo at this late hour, but to-night she felt she must find out from Mah Pah Oo the truth of certain things troubling her or she would never be able to sleep. So passing upstairs she threw off her frock, slipped into a long silk wrapper, and loosening her hair, gave a low call. It was quite enough for Mah Pah Oo, who appeared in the doorway blinking and rubbing her eyes.

'Froggy dear, I want to talk to you,' said Darya in Burmese, a tongue she habitually used in speaking to the old lady. Mah Pah Oo obediently squatted down in the centre of the bare floor, her skin-tight skirt outlining her small person. Darya leaped lightly on to the bed, and sitting up with her hands clasped round her knees began: 'You have never told me much of the time when you first came to nurse me, Froggy, though I have often asked you. Wasn't it very unusual for my mother to send for you in that way?'

'When a little baby the *thakinma* was very, very ill,' said Mah Pah Oo. 'She was dying for want of mother's milk. Her own mother could not nurse her, and the baby could not take the cow's milk, though many cows were tried. She was dying little by little every day because she could get no nourishment; she could not digest the cow's milk, and the doctor said she must be reared at the breast. It is true that the *thakinmagyi*, your mother, did not like that idea at all; she shrieked and howled and said it should never be; but then it had to be if the baby was to live. *Amè, amè.*'

'I suppose you had a baby too?'

'The little white baby! *Amè, amè*, the little white baby!' moaned Mah Pah Oo, as if she had forgotten to whom she was talking, as she swayed back and forth, and obviously wandered in some sacred chamber of her memory rarely visited. 'I had plenty for both, I could have kept my own little one too, but they said that must not be, and that my little one must be left at home; and then I said "No, I would not come"; but when I saw the white baby, and it came to me so swiftly and surely, and cuddled into my arms as if it knew I would bring it comfort, how then could I not shut my heart to that other?'

'There came a day when my younger brother came to me by night and told me in secret saying "Your child is dying, but the *thakinma* will not let you know." He said "If you would see it again alive, come now with me." So I went in the darkness of the night, when the beeloos are wandering; but I cared nothing, for I wanted to see my baby again. I stood outside the house and heard it wailing, a little thin cry that beat on my heart. Then I did not care who knew I had been to see it. I rushed in and snatched it up and held it to my breast, but it would not draw the milk. So I wrapped a wrap around it and carried it away, for I thought when it sees that other little one it will share with it and suck too. My mother beat her hands and cried "You will ruin us all," but I took no heed. I went out into the night, and when I had gone a little way I opened the wrap and looked, and behold it was dead! Dead in my arms! It was dead and I cast it from me, I know not where. All night I wandered like one who is mad, and I know not where. In the morning they found me, and took me back to the house of the *thakins*, and the *thakinma* looked at me with red eyes of anger, and cried "You do not care that you would have killed my child by leaving it hungry like that." But what of mine—what of mine?'

All this time she had not shed a tear, and her drawn face had remained in its usual lines, but there was something of poignant and inexpressible grief in her figure as she swayed back and forth, lost in her tale of a quarter of a century ago.

'My child was the child of a *thakin*,' she went on. 'But he had gone away to England over the sea and none cared but me. So when the mad fit was spent I tried not to fret, for fear that it should be bad for the little white baby of the *thakinma*; but when the rains came I heard my baby wailing and I could not be sure that it was quite dead. I wanted to go out and walk by myself to find it, but the *thakinma* said "You shall not go, you wicked woman, or you will be ill and my baby will die." So I conquered my heart and shut my ears when I heard the crying begin. But now when the winds go by I hear my baby crying in them.'

Darya shuddered. She had known that her own mother had been a selfish, heartless woman who spent most of her time in designing her own clothes and dressing lavishly. The earliest lesson the child had learnt from her father was that he and she were of no account in comparison with the wife and mother whose whims were to be law in the household. Mrs. Molineux had been lavishly affectionate to her only child at times, but she would never take the least trouble with her, and at other times was so suddenly angry about nothing at all, that Darya had regarded her rather as she might have done some sleek, beautiful wild animal, delightful to look at and caress, but most treacherous and dangerous to handle. A rush of feeling swept over her on hearing the piteous narrative of Mah Pah Oo. 'Froggy dear,' she said tenderly, 'you are the only real mother I have ever known. You will never leave me?'

The swaying to and fro ceased; the little woman seemed to come back out of the past into the present. 'The Little One has no need to ask,' she said. 'To the world's end would I go with her. When she was only a child and was taken from me, then for many days I was sick, but now, if she should go again, I would surely die.'

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CHAPTER XI.

'NUMPA ONE CHINAMAN.'

PICTURE a large square room with the high walls up near the ceiling lost in profound gloom, for the dim light which filtered through a door opening on to a heavily shaded verandah did not penetrate far. There were no windows and no skylight. The cement floor and common, scanty furniture did not enliven the effect, for the round wooden table in the middle of the sea of shiny drab was of the kitchen variety, and the two stiff-backed chairs near it were dusty and mouldy looking. These, with a couple more chairs of the same variety and a beaten-down sofa set back against the walls, were all that could be seen until a Burmese maiden rushed in with a taper, set in a long, slender bamboo, and lighted the candles in a huge glass chandelier suspended over the table. The cut-glass pendants glittered a little, and a note of colour was struck by a few large coarsely executed woolwork and silk pictures in crude colours, so high up on the walls that they formed a sort of frieze. These, with several ticking clocks and oil lamps on brackets, scattered about promiscuously, were all the adornment of the forbidding clay-coloured walls. This was the spacious living-room in the town house of the well-to-do Maung Ka, and very proud he and his wife were of it.

Darya knew it well, and the only thing that surprised her, as she came in at nearly six o'clock on New Year's Day, was the unusual illumination of the chandelier, in her express honour.

Maung Ba Tu advanced ceremoniously to meet her with a graceful inclination of the head, and behind him came the mistress of the house, Mah Khin, not much taller than her sister-in-law, and, like her, finished with the vanities of this world so far as they were symbolised in jewellery. Darya was led to the chairs, and seated herself on one, while her hostess composed herself on the other in a funny little hump, with her legs tucked under her as neatly as if they had been telescoped into her trunk. She sucked at a 'green' cheroot as large as an ordinary school ruler. She had politely offered one to her guest, though she knew beforehand that it would be refused. Refreshments were brought in by the demure maiden who had lighted the candles; she was a relation of the family. Plantains, oranges, and sweet biscuits

were set out on coloured plates decorated with little sprays of orchid. Darya had herself brought gifts, among them a large home-made cake covered with pink icing. The elders did not appreciate 'English-made things,' but the children, who had been frolicking about in the darkness of the back verandah like little squirrels, advanced shyly, and nudging each other gazed at the cake with joy. They were each provided with a large wedge immediately, and Maung Ba Tu did not disdain to follow suit.

Darya made a formal call about once a month, and she knew well the ceremonial observances, and the chilliness which always had to be passed through on these occasions. After various remarks on health and clothes and the cost of things and the English New Year's Day, which was not the Burman festival, she felt she had done what was required of her, and began to devote her attention to the small boys. She had brought several things to amuse them, to their prodigious delight, and first she showed them a vanishing coin, which appeared and disappeared to the accompaniment of amazed '*Amè-lay-lay*' on the part of the elders. Then she brought out soft crinkled paper of pink and green and red, and folding it, carefully snipped it here and there, and gave the children each an end to pull out. The little boys were not rough or boisterous as English boys of their age might have been; they walked demurely away from each other, their eyes growing rounder and rounder as the paper opened out into a gigantic perforated snake. Dancing with joy, they waved it up and down without tearing it in any way. A green snake followed the pink one, and Maung Ba Tu fixed the ends on some of the wall brackets, so that when Maung Ka came in he found his house a gay garlanded bower. It was quite a new thing to the little boys that any grown-up should take the trouble to amuse them or play games with them, and they, no less than their parents, looked on in amazement when Darya, having begged a piece of white cloth, set a candle behind it and, sitting down, made shadow creatures with her hands. They imagined she must be in league with some very powerful 'nat.'

When at length she said she must go, and made her adieux, Maung Ka himself took her back in his little cart, chatting pleasantly. The last rise up to the bungalow was very steep, and hearing that the little bullock had already been out far that day, Darya would not let him attempt it, but thanking Maung Ka for his escort, she got down and walked up on foot.

As she shut her own gate, she noticed with surprise that there

was not a light anywhere in the house. This was strange, for at no time would Mah Pah Oo ever sit alone in the dark on account of the weird terrors of the bad spirits. So on the threshold Darya gave a loud call, but received no answer. She could not understand it at all. Mah Pah Oo very rarely went out, and then only to the bazaar in the morning, and very occasionally to her brother's house. She had always steadily refused to visit him when 'Miss' was there, feeling there would be something of impropriety in such a social meeting, but she would assuredly have mentioned any intention of going elsewhere this afternoon.

Everything was left open, any thief could walk in and help himself as he pleased. Darya passed through the room where she had her meals, and went out on to the back verandah, calling to the boys. But all was still and dark here also. This did not much surprise her; while she was out they were off duty, and though it was not the Burmese New Year, there was a certain holiday feeling in the air, the Government clerks were free, and the town had a festiveness which would much attract Pinsawmy and his fellow.

With some trouble Darya found a box of matches, and going up the shallow polished teak stairs, lit the standard lamp in the drawing-room. Terror had seized her at the thought that gentle, kindly Mah Pah Oo might have been suddenly taken ill and be lying unconscious on the ground. But after she had searched quickly through the few bare rooms on the upper floor she began to feel sure that Mah Pah Oo was not in the bungalow at all.

As she stood on the top landing with the light from the lamp streaming out upon her, an eerie feeling seized her. No such thing had ever happened before. Mah Pah Oo had never left the house without explanation. Something must be very wrong. Darya wished with all her heart that the boys had been here, for they might have thrown some light on the mystery. She wished she had let Maung Ka come up to the gate; he would have been as much disturbed as she at the strange conduct of his sister. It was the very first time Darya had been absolutely alone in her little bungalow, and in the new nerve-consciousness which had at last succeeded apathy she felt it keenly. She could hear her own heart thumping in her breast. A sudden noise close at hand made her quake, and she took two steps forward and cried out in a voice which betrayed her nervousness, 'Who is there?'

But it was only the rat-snake in the roof, which, with a scuffle

and swish, made off overhead. A large lizard near the ceiling, pleased to see the lamp which would attract the flies for his repast, called to her in a friendly way, 'Tuck-too.'

Darya heeded him not, her mind was absorbed with the question, 'What could have taken Mah Pah Oo out?'

She went on to the upper verandah, and as she gripped the rail with her hands, wondering what she could do, she suddenly saw someone move in the half shadow, half light of the garden below.

'Who is there?' she cried again, leaning over the rail.

To her immense relief a voice she knew answered her. It was Shwe Pu, the other nephew of Mah Pah Oo, the son of her sister. He called back reassuringly.

'Oh Maung Shwe Pu,' she cried, 'have you come to tell me what has happened to Mah Pah Oo?'

'She is all right,' he answered in English, which he spoke perfectly.

Darya ran down and joined him. 'Where is she? Why did she go out? Has anything happened?' she asked all in a hurry.

'She is only a little hurt, it is an accident,' he replied. 'She went to meet someone. She did not tell Miss, for she was ashamed. She thought that she would be back long before the *thakinma* arrived home, but she cannot, so she sent me a message by a little boy.'

'And you came straight to tell me? That was thoughtful of you; thank you, Maung Shwe Pu.'

He stood shifting his yellow shoes one over the other; they showed brightly in the strip of lamp-light from above, but his face was in shadow.

'Are you going to fetch her?' Darya asked. 'And how?'

'I have a tum-tum lent me by a friend of mine, a very rich gentleman,' Shwe Pu went on. 'Would Miss like to come also to fetch Mah Pah Oo?'

'Oh yes,' assented Darya, eagerly jumping at this alternative to staying by herself in the empty bungalow. 'She is not badly hurt, you said?'

'Only the leg,' explained Maung Shwe Pu. 'She cannot walk.'

'It is very odd for her to have gone out like that,' said Darya. 'I never heard of anyone she would want to meet; however, I'm glad it's no worse. Wait a moment.'

She brought down two good wraps, one for herself and one

for her faithful nurse, as the nights were sharp, and she slipped a bandage into her pocket and a box of matches, in case she might have to do any first aid on the roadside. Then she put out the lamp and, guided by Maung Shwe Pu, reached the trap waiting outside, where he had hitched the pony to the paling. So far as she could see, it seemed quite a nice little dog-cart.

When they were seated and had started, she asked again, 'But where is Mah Pah Oo?'

He pointed ahead with his whip down the grassy road which ran away from the town over the ridge on the east.

They drove along in silence beneath the brightness of the clear moon which dimmed the glittering stars in the sky.

Maung Shwe Pu got out and led the pony a considerable way over the steeper parts of the descent, which prevented conversation or questions, and when they reached the level and he got in, he whipped up hard, making the little tat rattle away.

On and on they went. Darya now and then made an attempt to discover their destination, and when Maung Shwe Pu merely pointed ahead and murmured something indistinct, she fell silent again.

But as they still went on she grew very uneasy, and but for the fact that she knew Maung Shwe Pu well, and that he was Mah Pah Oo's nephew, she would have insisted on stopping and having an explanation.

'Why did Mah Pah Oo send to you instead of to Maung Ka?' was one of her queries, for she knew he was by no means a favourite.

'Mah Pah Oo knows that I can borrow the tum-tum,' he answered plausibly.

The moon, which made everything bright as day, shone on the vast plain around, and at length, by the glitter on the water, revealed that they were close to the river. Maung Shwe Pu drove down to the bank, and pulling up, slewed the pony round. 'Here we must take a boat,' he remarked in a matter-of-course tone.

Darya alighted on her feet, and then stood stock-still.

'But this is extraordinary,' she burst out loudly. Her words cut the stillness of the night sharply, for the ripple of the flowing water alone made any sound. 'I won't go any further.'

'Very well,' agreed Maung Shwe Pu resignedly. 'Then you will please stay with the tat, while I go to fetch Mah Pah Oo.'

Darya wavered. He seemed to be genuinely in earnest, and if poor Mah Pah Oo were really suffering, and in need of help, it would be cruel not to go to her. She made up her mind swiftly. 'I'll come,' she said.

The boat, which was lying alongside the bank, was of the ordinary Burmese river type, with a palm thatch shelter in the centre. Darya knew that her companion could not paddle such a craft as this alone, so as she climbed down she kept a sharp look-out to see whom he had with him. When no one appeared she crept under the thatch roof greatly mystified. Nothing in the least like this had ever happened in her experience before. The boat was immediately thrust out from the bank and began to make progress upstream, and it was evident that Maung Shwe Pu was not working it by himself. Darya made a little hole in the thatch and peeped out behind. She saw, silhouetted against the glittering stream, the outline of a Chinaman apparently of the coolie class.

It would have been idiotic to doubt any longer that she was the victim of a plot. It was evidently someone's intention to kidnap her, and any idea that she was going to Mah Pah Oo must be dismissed. The Burmese woman herself had probably been decoyed away in order to carry out the ruse. Darya knew past all shadow of doubt that she was in the grip of some Unknown One.

She tried to still her nerves and think out the situation. She was accustomed to judging for herself. Her mind ran quickly over any possible explanation of the mystery and lighted on Tom Marjoram. It seemed incredible that he could be the instigator of such a plot, and yet, in spite of all incredibility, once she had thought of him she felt convinced that his was the hand that held her.

In that case——

So desperate seemed the fate opening before her that her mind even leaped to suicide as a way of escape. But she had no weapon with her. She felt that, if her surmise proved correct, she might have summoned up courage to take her own life with a revolver shot through the brain, but any other death, such as strangulation with the bandage she carried, was quite beyond her.

Her only hope lay in Maung Shwe Pu. Though he was a misguided youth, who ran into debt and gambled heavily, and committed various other enormities, yet she could not believe

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him to be an utter ruffian. By using all her arts of cajolery she might win him over.

Feeling a ray of hope she crawled to his side.

'I know quite well you are not taking me to Mah Pah Oo,' she began in a voice that trembled. 'There is some plot behind all this. Who has made you do it?'

Dead silence.

'I've known you for a long time,' went on Darya, 'and I cannot be afraid while you are here to protect me. You would not hurt me, Maung Shwe Pu?'

He shuffled, but said nothing.

'And you would not let anyone else hurt me,' Darya continued desperately. 'Why are you helping to entrap me? Do you not know that this is a horrible position for me?'

'No one will harm you,' he said, without breaking the monotonous stroke of his paddle.

'Ah, they have told you that, as they knew that otherwise you would not have decoyed me away. But if I tell you that the man who is paying you is my enemy, a very dangerous man, surely you will stop and take me home.'

'It is not what you think,' he said sullenly. 'You will be pleased when you know.'

Darya did not want to mention Marjoram's name in case her fears were groundless, but she pushed her advantage. 'Then there is someone,' she cried. 'How can you know what I should like? I tell you that what you are doing may be the ruin of my whole life.'

Instead of answering he ran the nose of the boat somewhat recklessly into the rising bank on the farther side of the stream, and leaping out made it fast. Then he turned to her. 'No one will hurt you,' he said again. 'Come with me; you must come, and to-morrow you will be very glad. There is no one here to cry to. If you do not come I shall have to wrap you in that cloak and carry you.' He laid his hand on her arm, and she shook it off angrily. 'How dare you touch me?' she cried, but even as the words left her mouth he made a signal, and the shadow of the man behind her fell over her like a pall. 'Very well,' she agreed breathlessly. 'I will come.'

Above their heads sloped the bank, covered with a tangle of coarse bushes and elephant grass; the musky smell that rose from the river by night entered into their nostrils, and a light ground mist had crept around, enfolding them.

Seeing she meant what she said, Maung Shwe Pu led the way up by a tiny twisting track. Darya followed, trying to keep her skirts clear of the bushes. She knew that the silent man from the boat was close on her tracks, and there was some awe-inspiring quality in that persistent black shadow falling from behind that made the courage ooze out of her.

When they emerged at the top of the bank she looked around in desperation. There was not a light or the sign of a dwelling, only the moonlight, cold and quiet, veiling all. Before them rose the heights of the limestone rocks, the last of the series where the monks lived near the Leaning Pagoda. But that was many miles away.

Darya's legs moved mechanically; she had no feeling in them. She was half dazed by the shock of this amazing experience.

They wended their way along the base of the rocks for about half an hour, then sloped upwards a little, and came out on a small platform of rock lighted up by a fire in the mouth of a cave. Seeing this Darya stopped dead, but Maung Shwe Pu made as if to seize her arm and drag her forward, so she yielded and followed him again. The platform sloped inward to the cave, and they slipped down it into a vast opening redolent of the occupation of bats. But the bats had winged their way outside to escape from the agonising light of the bright wood fire which flickered and burnt, throwing weird jumping shadows from the innumerable stalactites which fell from the roof; some were suspended, others had made contact with the heap of droppings below and formed slender-waisted columns of strange architectural design.

There was no sign of a human being, and not even a cooking-pot to show human possession. The recently tended fire, with its evidence of human care, suggested that in those springing shadows someone might be lurking, someone might be peeping—

Maung Shwe Pu hurried forward, stumbling a little over the big blocks of stone with which the floor was strewn, and his haste inspired a new fear in Darya; she did not want to lose him, for after all she knew him, and could not believe he would treat her cruelly. So she hastened after him, slipping and cutting herself on the sharp edges of the stones. She had nearly caught him up when he began to scramble up a slanting pile of rubble leading to what looked like the mouth of another cave. Frantically Darya climbed too, the loose rubbish shot under her feet, she burned hot all over with her exertions, but when at last she reached the

top and looked inward over the threshold, she could see no sign of Maung Shwe Pu, though the firelight made a certain glow in here also. She struggled up to the second cave, crying piteously, 'Maung Shwe Pu, don't leave me, don't leave me,' but only her words sweeping round the cave echoed drearily. Her companion had got away from her through some crevice or chimney in the rock. His desertion filled her with terror and she turned to look for her silent follower, but he too had disappeared. She was all alone.

Darya groped around the walls of the cavern, bruising her fingers on the cutting edges of rock, but the place was large and the juttings and hollows very heavy, and she could not discover any passage through which Maung Shwe Pu might have made his escape. So seeing the hopelessness of trying to pursue him, she turned to go back again. She had reached the mouth of the cave and was about to put her foot over the edge on to the rubble slant, when the light was blotted out by a swathed figure that rose and filled the entrance. She fell back with a little cry. Even though the light was behind him she could see by the outline that it was not the figure of the man she feared above all on earth but that of a Chinaman of a good class.

'Do not fear, mistress, no one shall hurt you,' he said suavely in fluent English. 'Please seat yourself and food shall be brought to you.'

Darya remained motionless.

The man waved to someone behind, and a small crouching figure crept in with a bundle of rugs, which he placed on the floor, spreading them with care. The tall Chinaman stood entirely silent whilst this curious bent figure disappeared and reappeared, the second time bringing food in several bowls and an earthenware water-cooler. Then he vanished again. It was such an eerie situation, so unlike the ordinary life of the bright daylight with its many commonplace cares and small enjoyments, that once or twice Darya wondered if she were dreaming. She seemed unable to stir, bound in a sort of invisible swathing mesh as we are in dreams. So she sat and waited whatever might befall without pleading further, and presently the Chinaman spoke again.

'Please do not be frightened, mistress,' he said. 'No harm shall befall you. Soon you will be glad in the embrace of your lover; it is for that we have brought you here.'

'Whom do you mean by my lover? I have no lover,' Darya stammered, her heart turning to water.

'It is the rich, the powerful, the great Englishman, Tom Marjoram,' said Hu Yin-li benignly. 'Surely it is a good fate and a pleasant when the gods join together those who love in youth.'

'I don't know you,' said Darya, trying hard to keep a grip on herself and feeling that everything depended on her being perfectly clear and firm. 'I cannot imagine what makes you interest yourself in me, but I tell you this, that man you speak of is no lover of mine. I loathe and hate him, and it will be worse than death to me if you leave me in his power. Has he paid you to do this?'

Hu was very much taken aback. This was an idea that had never occurred to him. He had taken for granted she would be delighted to receive such a fine handsome lover as Tom Marjoram, and he had intended to get her to write a note to her supposed lover so as to draw him to his fate. Now he saw clearly that if what she said was true it would be the very last thing she would consent to do. This required thought. So without answering he bowed and departed.

Darya sat for long with her hands on her knees. The case was pretty desperate, but now that she knew something of the evil that threatened her, all the courage and resolution which had enabled her to rebuild her ruined life, and to plan out things for herself, came to her aid. She flung from her the fears that beset her and faced the worst, pondering how she could elude the appalling future that threatened her if she remained merely passive. It was clear from what the Chinaman had said that Marjoram was not actually here yet. There was a brief respite. Darya looked around at what had been brought her, and finding the food good and palatable, ate and drank. Then, noticing that the Chinamen had kindly provided her with cigarettes, she began to smoke. Escape was apparently out of the question. They would guard the ways too carefully for that. And even if she got out of the double cave, there was the difficult journey back barring her from safety. She made herself as comfortable as she could on the rugs, and smoked until her brain was quieted a little. She was not in darkness; a hurricane lantern stood on the floor, and though it by no means served to light the lurking horrors of the deep hollows and abutments, yet Darya was not a child to be frightened by gloom. She resolved at least that she must stay awake all night on guard, for if once she slept, what hideous fate might not come upon her? So when she had finished smoking she propped herself in an upright sitting posture against the wall, and waded in a maze of mind-ways

to find an outlet. She could hear no noise from the cave outside, but the continual leaping light of the fire, and every now and then its shadowing by replenishment showed her the men were there.

Sitting thus, utterly worn out by excitement, strain and fatigue, it was inevitable she should fall asleep, and so softly she presently drifted over the border line into the world of images that she knew it not and failed to rouse herself.

She had slept it might be an hour when something, not a noise, made her open her eyes suddenly, wide-awake and alive in every particular to her awful position. The light of the lantern had burnt dim and only spread over a very small circle of the stony floor, but it was enough to show that in the far corner of the cavern, away from the opening into the large cave, something moved.

Fascinated, paralysed by fear, Darya watched. Whatever it was it shed a dim radiance which heralded its coming, and even as she looked the flapping movement changed and a whole figure came past the jutting barrier of a mass of stalagmite and stood moving gently.

Darya wondered if she were still dreaming. Where had she lately heard of a gigantic green moth? Instinctively her hand stole to the front of her dress, and she found it open. The small green jade moth, which she had constantly worn, was gone! She had lost it somewhere in the scramble of the night. She remembered Marjoram's description of a human moth who would come vengefully upon her unless she were protected by wearing the jade emblem.

Foolish had it appeared at the time to take it otherwise than as a jest, though even then, when the words were spoken in the merry light of good company, they had carried something of warning to the girl whose mind had been so early steeped in the superstitions of the Burmans. Now, in the dead of night, with the mystery of sleep still tingeing her brain, nothing seemed incredible.

There, not twelve yards from her, was indeed the outline of a gigantic green moth!

It was the size of a man. She could see the dark thorax and the long outspread wings, which flapped up and down. Most eerie of all—a pale green light seemed to emanate from it!

Darya could not move, could not scream. Her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth, while the creature apparently folded its wings and advanced. In another second she would have lost consciousness from sheer fright, but just in time she saw the face of a man above the dark body of the creature, and recognised

it as the face of Marjoram's fiddler servant. Though this did not reassure her, yet the revulsion of feeling that it was at least a human being, and not a fabulous monster come to life in the dim recesses of the cavern, brought a rush of blood back to her head, and saved her from fainting. Bathed in perspiration she waited. Ah Su set down the tiny lamp on the floor, and crouched there at a respectful distance from her. She could see now that he wore a long white enveloping cloak, and the way in which he had held the light of the lantern, turned inward toward himself, had made this appear greenish. His body, darkly clad, revealed through the opening in the cloak, had formed the thorax, and his arms, enveloped in the loose folds, had waved about as he sought handhold in climbing down from a higher level, and so completed the illusion of flapping wings.

Helplessly Darya waited for him to speak. He began very respectfully :

'You piecee girley too muchee flighten. That Chinaman have catchee Mississee. My too muchee solly inside. Wantchee makee help. How fashion can do ?'

'But you are Mr. Marjoram's servant,' said Darya, finding her voice and speaking hopelessly. 'How can I trust you ?'

'Girley no b'long likee he. My b'long no likee he. He makee too muchee scoldee me, makee allo time bobbely. Now my wantchee helpee you. My chin-chin girley, make good talkee. Mississee sleep, I come wakee all plawpa pidgin. Suppose he savvy ? My can catchee die. That man makee kill-pidgin.'

'Is Mr. Marjoram here ?' Darya asked.

'No have got. He wailo this side mo'ning time, savvy ? Plenty time have got.'

'Will you guide me safely home then ?' she began, a faint gleam of hope stirring in her. 'I have much money. I will give you big cumshaw.'

'No can do, Mississee. Too muchee flaid. S'pose I makee go, 'nother Chinaman inside, he come catchee me, catchee girley.'

'But couldn't I get out the way you came in ?'

'No any piecee way hab got. No can walk. That piecee way go topside largee cave.'

'What can we do then ?'

'S'pose Mississee hab got numpa one topside flien can do ? Makee writee one piecee chit. My can takee Môttama mo'ning time. 'Nother Chinaman no can savvy. That nicey pidgin for you.'

Darya's thoughts flew at once to the only trustworthy friend she knew—Lawrence Thornthwaite, the Deputy-Commissioner. Yes, certainly he would know better than most men how to deal with a situation so abnormal and dangerous.

'I have no paper,' she began.

From the folds of his gown Ah Su produced a pad and a fountain pen, which he tendered. Darya took them eagerly, and after thinking for a moment, wrote hastily :

'I have been seized and carried off by Chinamen. I cannot tell you why. I believe there is a plot in it, and it is engineered by a man I fear more than anyone in the world. I am in the caves five miles up the river on the eastern bank. If you land by the lightning-blazed red-cotton tree and walk along parallel to the river for half an hour, and then go up to the cliffs, you will come to a big cave ; inside this is another, where I am imprisoned. You must be quick. The danger I dread may come on me any moment. Oh, I rely on you to save me ! I am all alone. Don't make a stir about it or tell anyone, it would cause me great injury. If you can do it without telling anyone at all it would be best, but *do* come, come quickly.—DARYA MOLINEUX.'

She read it through and folded it.

'You know the Ayaybaing ?' she asked.

'Hei yah ! Allo man savvy Dipty comissshaw.'

'Take this to him then quickly. If you could get him wakened to read it now, do. He will be asleep, but he must be waked, not wait until the morning. Can you stay to show him the way back ?'

'That b'long too muchee bad pidgin makee wait. 'Nother man lookee see. But I go numpa one quick. Chin-chin, Mississee.'

He departed.

Darya's nature was resilient. Hope dawned in her. Assured that Marjoram was not here, she fell sound asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LADY OF THE DREAM.

TOM MARJORAM was dreaming. It was seldom indeed that he was visited by dreams, but at 3 A.M. on the morning of January 2, asleep in his own bungalow at Môtama, there came to him one of those

strange visions that influence those who receive them far on into their waking life.

Darya appeared to him, in a way so fresh, so astonishing, that it was a revelation. She stood two or three feet from him, her eyes meeting his and passing in at the door of his soul. So reproachful, so eloquent, so melting were those eyes, that he would have reached forward to seize her in his arms, and hide them against his breast and thus shut out the piercing pleasure and poignancy of them. But he could not stir! Woven in the web of sleep he lay fast bound, while his whole attitude of mind toward her altered in the twinkling of an eye. No longer was she merely an alluring plaything of which he desired possession, but the first woman on earth who had penetrated his heart and taken possession of it.

Throughout the later years he had never desired the esteem of his fellow-men : on the whole he rather preferred that they should hate him, it added zest to life ; and as for women, to them he had been indifferent. Now what heart he had was reached and made to throb. It was not a large heart, and the love which sprang into being was not the pure unselfish love which asks only the happiness of the beloved, but he loved sufficiently to desire that Darya should be happy ; he granted her an individuality equal to his own, and longed that she should love him.

And as he lay there bound in sleep and yet feeling as he had never been able to feel before, he began to apologise and explain to those penetrating eyes, to tell Darya that if she would only come to him he would always consider her interests, that her happiness should be bound up with his happiness ; he cried out inwardly that she must come to him willingly, lovingly, and that together they would live a glorious life, disregarding all the world beside. He fancied he was making some impression, for a faint glint of amusement stole into those eyes, all dark before ; then to his despair her figure grew indistinct. In the wracking effort he made to reach her he woke.

At that very instant there smote on his ear the vibration of a long low crying note, and as he sat upright in bed, islanded in the midst of the polished floor, he cried out :

‘ Ah Su ! ’

The two-stringed fiddler glided from behind the curtain over the entrance way and crouched submissively in the centre of the bare teak boards. There was just enough light in the room to see him.

'Did anyone pass out?' Marjoram demanded in a strange hoarse voice, feeling the perspiration running down his back.

The man signified 'no' in Chinese fashion, saying 'Pu, Pu—no have got.'

Then, still maintaining the crouching attitude, he crawled forward and holding up his two hands revealed a letter between the palms.

Marjoram was now fully awake, and filled with bitterness to know that what he had seen was only a dream, that Darya had not visited him in the flesh.

'Curse you,' he said angrily. 'What do you come here for, waking me in the middle of the night with your confounded fiddling?'

Then glancing upward he saw by the reflection of the luminous clock thrown on the ceiling that it was a little after three. Stretching out his hand he snapped on an electric torch on the table by the bed and took the letter.

'How did you get this?'

Haltingly Ah Su explained. He had been asleep in his usual corner in the godown in the compound, when someone had passed by and putting the letter into his hand said he was to take it at once, urgently, to his master. According to his account he had been so dazed by sleep that when he opened his eyes the strange visitor had gone, only the letter was there to show it was not a dream, and so he had hastened to obey.

'How did any stranger get into the compound with the Durwan around?' Marjoram asked. 'I don't believe a word of your story. But we'll see.'

He took the letter and unfolded it. Then his heart gave a great beat, for it was in Darya's handwriting! He knew that, for he had taken care to make his accomplice, Mrs. Seymour, procure him a sample of it by asking Darya to write in her 'Commonplace Book' when she lunched there.

As he read it his whole being was flooded with gladness, for it was the letter Darya had intended for Lawrence Thornthwaite. Marjoram, believing it to be a cry for help to *him*, saw in the dream he had had a true vision, and believed that Darya had been there in spirit appealing to him in her need. Exulting in his amazing luck he sprang up straightway. Then he was struck by a sudden thought. There was no date on the letter, nothing to indicate when it had been written; perhaps even now he was too late!

'You are in this!' he cried to the humble Ah Su. 'You shall come with me to show me the way, and, by heaven, if they have hurt a hair of her head I will break every bone in their bodies and yours too.'

As he dressed in haste he issued orders, and by the time he was ready the whole household was rushing to and fro executing them. The chauffeur had tuned up the car, and Marjoram, fully equipped and armed with a revolver, was in it within twenty minutes of receiving the note. He intended to observe Darya's injunction and run this show himself, even if he had to fight a whole posse of Chinamen single-handed. He would be at all events the only European in this gallant business, but he took with him the two-stringed fiddler to show the way and his own 'boy' Ramaswamy.

(To be continued.)

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SOME ELIZABETHAN LYRICS.

IN the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for May 1920, under the title 'An Elizabethan Song-Cycle,' I described two 1637 MS. part-song books, compiled by Thomas Smith, then a Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford, and who later became Bishop of Carlisle. The volumes bear his autograph, 'Thomas Smith, Jan: 8: An: 1637,' and are in his handwriting. They contain the Altus and Bassus parts of a number of part-songs for three, four and five voices, as well as twenty-five pieces marked '2 voc:,' these, however, probably being solo songs with a bass added. Dr. E. H. Fellowes, who is a leading authority on the music of the period, has examined the books, and is unable to identify the composers of about thirty of the songs; besides which several of those that have their composers' names appended have not been traced elsewhere than in these MSS. This is interesting, not only from a musical point of view, but because the lyrics to which they are set would also seem to have been preserved only in these pages.

When the history of the books is recalled, an explanation of this exclusiveness will be found. They were compiled for a little musical society in Oxford, which included Richard Nicholson, organist of Magdalen College from 1595-6 until 1639, the first Heyther Professor of Music at the University, and a contributor to 'The Triumphes of Oriana,' 1601. Nicholson would doubtless be in frequent communication with his fellow composers, who were a prolific band, and from time to time vagrant manuscript copies of their effusions would reach him, some of which have found a home in these volumes.

A striking instance in support of this conjecture occurs in 'Fifteen Psalms for Three Voices, by Henry Lawes,' which would seem to have been copied by Thomas Smith from the composer's manuscript sheets. As in the case of Richard Nicholson's song-cycle, Smith has written the composer's initials, H. L., at the end of every Psalm, as Lawes himself might have done on completing each number; and, what is still more convincing, the copyist in both of the books winds up the series with just such a jubilant flourish as might have been made by an author who had

completed his task, and which a transcriber would scarcely have originated. This takes the form of—

‘ H. L.—Finis/
Finis. Henry Lawes/
Henrie Lawes/
Finis/’

As only a few copies of manuscript songs would be made, it is not surprising that in the course of three centuries many of them should have been lost; and that, together with the music, the verses to which it was wedded have likewise disappeared. Such had been the fate of the MS. books now under notice; and, before again consigning them to the comparative oblivion of a library, it has been thought desirable to extract from them some of the lyrics most worthy of preservation, and to place these on record for the use of future anthologists.

Following the practice in the printed Elizabethan song-books, the authors' names do not appear in these MSS., and cannot now be traced, the only exceptions being two songs from a play by John Fletcher, and one by Sir Robert Aytoun. None of these is included here; indeed, save in three instances containing variants, and specially mentioned, no verses are given which, so far as can be ascertained, have previously been printed.

The books contain three sacred songs in English, the first of these being a Christmas Carol, set to music for three voices by Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger, who was born about 1580, and was instructor in music of Prince Henry, son of King James I. It runs thus :

‘ Wee happy heardsmen here
May singe and eke rejoyce,
For angells bright and cleare
Wee saw, and heard their voice.

Glad tidings they us told :
Y^e king of all mankind
Is borne, and in cloathes fold ;
They say wee may him find

In Bethleem in a stall,
And eke his mother free :
Glad tidings to us all ;
Yea blessed may hee bee.

Come let us all with joy
 In heart to Bethleem trudge,
 To see that blessed boy
 Who once must bee our judge.

All Haile ô Christ our Kinge,
 All Haile ô Virgin's sonne;
 Wee pray thee us to bring
 In Heaven with thee to wonne :

Where wee y^e Father may
 See, with y^e Holy Ghost,
 And glorify alway
 Him that of might is most.'

The next is written in the cryptic style of the riddling rhymes so popular from the Middle Ages onwards, many of these being preserved in our nursery rhymes. The music is in solo form, no composer's name being given. Its reference to Calvary gives the stanza an appropriate place next to the Christmas Carol :

'Faïre in a morne, ô fairest morne,
 Was never morne so faïre,
 When as y^e Sun, but not y^e Sun
 That shineth in y^e aire;
 And on a hill, ô fairest hill,
 Was never hill so blessèd,
 There stood a man was never man,
 For no man so distressèd.'

The third example, also for a solo voice and by an unnamed composer, is worthy of being displayed in letters of gold in every choir vestry :

'He that in heaven with Seraphins will sing,
 And beare a part in their sweet harmonie,
 Must here on earth touch David's warbling string.
 And praise with himmes y^e sacred Trinitie;
 For musicke is y^e type of Paradise,
 God's joy, man's comfort, Angell's exercise.'

Another serious poem would seem to be a hitherto unknown stanza, 'Of Man's Mortalitie,' by the yet unidentified author of the verses printed under that title in 1629 and 1657. These have been

variously attributed to Simon Wastell, Bishop Henry King, Francis Beaumont, and Francis Quarles, but all on insufficient evidence. In 1629 Wastell published a book entitled 'Microbiblion, or the Bible's Epitome in Verse,' the body of which consists of poor stuff. On four pages at the end of the volume, however, are two poems so much superior to Wastell's other productions as to raise grave doubts of his being their author. One, 'Upon the Image of Death,' is included in Robert Southwell's 'Mæoniæ,' 1595; and its being found in Wastell's book gives him no claim to its authorship, as many collections of the period were eked out by extraneous verses. This remark also applies to the other of the two poems—'Of Man's Mortalitie'—which in Wastell's publication consists of five twelve-line stanzas, the first of them being the oft-quoted 'Like to the damask rose you see.'

Dr. Henry King's connexion with the poem is due to another well-known stanza, beginning 'Like to the falling of a star,' having been printed in a collection of his 'Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes and Sonnets,' published—not by himself—in 1657, and reissued in 1664.

After lying hidden for nearly three centuries, the lines that have now been discovered are worthy of being classed with those others :

'Like to y^e blaze of fond delight,
 Or like a morning cleare and bright,
 Or like a frost, or like a shower,
 Or like y^e pride of Babell's tower,
 Or like y^e houre that guides the time,
 Or like to Beauty in her prime :
 Even such is man, whose glory lends
 His life a blaze or two, and ends.
 Delights vanish, y^e morne oreicasteth,
 Y^e frost breakes, y^e shower hasteth,
 Y^e tower falls, y^e hower spends,
 Y^e beauty fades, and man's life ends.
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Now here, now there, in life and death.'

It will be seen that the last two lines are similar to lines 7 and 8 in the second and third stanzas printed as Wastell's in Mr. H. J. Massingham's 'Seventeenth Century Anthology of English Verse.' The poem now quoted is complete in twelve lines, and the two additional lines have evidently been tacked on by the composer

to round off his music, which is arranged for a solo voice, with a repeated four-part chorus to the refrain 'Even such is man.'

Fortunately, in making his transcription, Bishop Thomas Smith has given the name of the composer as Arthur Phillips. That musician, whose name is usually printed 'Phillipps,' was born in 1605; became a clerk of New College, Oxford, in 1622; was appointed organist of Bristol Cathedral in December 1638; and on the death of Richard Nicholson, in 1639, succeeded him as organist of Magdalen, and as Heyther Professor of Music at Oxford, where he graduated Mus. Bac. in 1640. Later, he joined the Church of Rome, and vacated his posts at Oxford in 1656. His residence there was contemporaneous with that of Thomas Smith, who probably got the music from him, to be sung by the little musical society for which the 1637 MS. books were made.

It would seem likely that Phillips obtained the words of 'Like to the blaze of fond delight' from the author himself; indeed, as it is not included in the version printed in 1629, it may have been written expressly for Phillips, and that would account for its being preserved only in connexion with his music. Colour is given to the supposition that this stanza was written by the author of the verses printed in 1629, by the circumstance that the two added lines are borrowed from them. In another part-song Smith gives the composer's name merely as 'Arth. Phil:', which suggests familiarity, his being the only name so abbreviated.

A quaint conceit regarding the sand in an hour-glass suggests a use for the remains of a hapless lover, dead and turned to dust:

'Doe but consider this small dust,
Here running in this glasse,
By attomes moved;
Can you believe that this
The body ever was
Of one that loved?
And in his mistress' flames
Playing like y^e flye,
Burnt to cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death as life unblest,
To have't expresst
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.'

A simple little lament takes this form :

'A Sea-Nymph sate upon y^e shore,
While Dio drown'd came floating to her,
A Fisher whom she long had lov'd before :
Dio ! Alas ! shee sung
Alas ! poore Dio !
Harke how y^e winds sigh as they fly,
Y^e while y^e beaten rockes this cry,
And broken murmurs of y^e sea sadly reply,
Dio ! ô Dio ! Alas, poore Dio !'

The following dainty lines contain a quip which is also found in the popular ballad 'Come, lasses and lads,' first printed some forty years later than the date of these MSS. It also recalls Lyly's 'Cupid and my Campaspe played,' which, however, is not in a 'wrangling veine' :

'My love and I for kisses played ;
Shee would keepe stakes ; I was content,
But when I wonne shee would be payed ;
This made mee aske her what shee meant :
Nay, since I see, (quoth shee,) your wrangling veine,
Take your owne kisses, and I'll take mine againe.'

A typical example of euphuistic writing is displayed in a three-part song, composed by Nicholas Lanier, born about 1590, who is mentioned as 'the rare Lanier' in Herrick's lines addressed to Henry Lawes. A variant of the words was also set by Campion as a song, and probably he was their author. I include them here because they clear up an obscurity in the printed version, where the word that appears in these books as 'helpe,'—i.e. relief—is given as 'hell.' This is evidently a misprint, for the sufferings described, and the Gargantuan remedies craved, exceed those associated with Dives in the parable.

'Fyer ! Fyer !
Lo, here I burne in such desire
That all the teares that I can straine
Out of my emptye love-sike braine
Cannot allaye my scorching paine.
Come Humber, Trent, and silver Thames,
Dead ocean, hast, with all your streames,
And, if you cannot quench my fire,
O drowne both mee and my desire.

Fyer! Fyer!

There is no helpe to my desire:
 See all y^e rivers backwards flye,
 Y^e Ocean doth her waves denye,
 For feare my heat should drinke them drye.
 Come, heavenly showres, come poureing downe,
 Come, you that once y^e world did drowne,
 Some then you spar'd, but now salve all,
 Which els must burne, and with mee fall.'

A similar instance of high-flown rhapsody has been set for five voices by Arthur Phillips:

'Tell me no more of pleasure, I
 Do loath such gilded misery;
 Shew me y^e place of grotts and cells,
 Or tell mee where Sylvanus dwells.

Give me some gloomy vault, whose site
 Was ne'er acquainted with y^e light;
 That I may spend my future age
 In some forsaken Hermitage.

Nothing but sorrow, cares, and feares,
 Well pickled in y^e brine of teares,
 Shall be my meate and drink; for these
 Displeasures now do onely please.

Were I a bird, how would I fly
 From this disease of liberty;
 Then, with my best contriveing thought,
 I'de ly in ambush to be caught:

I'de court and wooe y^e fowler's rage
 To damme and blesse mee to a cage;
 I'de fall in love with fetters; this,
 This blessed bondage were a blisse.

And, since that my unhappy breath
 Makes mee but liveing in my death,
 I'de fight with snares, that, in the strife,
 I might be murder'd into life.'

In lighter vein is a single-voice song by an anonymous composer:

SOME ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

'Good folke, for love or hyer,
 But helpe mee to a cryer,
 For my poore hearte is gone astray
 After two eyes that past this way:
 O yes! O yes! O yes!
 If there be any man
 In towne or country can
 Bring me my hearte againe,
 I'le please him for his paine;
 And by these markes you shall it know
 That none but I this heart doth owe:
 It is a wounded hart,
 Wher in it sticks a dart;
 Every part sore hurt throughout it,
 Faith and troth writt round about it;
 It was a tame hart, and most deare,
 Which never used to roame,
 But, having this haunt, I feare
 'Twill hardly keepe at home.
 For love's sake, passing by y^e way,
 If you this heart do see,
 Either impound it for a stray
 Or send it home to mee.'

In Jamieson's 'Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts and Scarce Editions' (Edinburgh, 1806), there are printed two versions of a song, which also appears in these MSS. The first of those would seem to have been a poor imitation of the other, which itself is inferior to that now discovered:

'I made a covenant with my heart,
 That it and I would never part,
 Till I should give it to some one
 Where it might ever lye alone.

And first a beauteous citty face
 Meethought did promise such a grace;
 But all was taken up before,
 And prentice writt upon y^e doore.

Next sought I in a ladie's brest,
 Voide (as shee told mee) of a guest;
 Wherein I found were divers roomes
 For lords, for pages, knights and grooms.

And last, a seeming country maide
Offer'd it harbour, and it stayed ;
But oh, before y^e moone grew old,
Shee for a toy her selfe had sold.

Wearied with travaile and with scorne,
Home it return'd where it was borne ;
Now doth it seeke nor sue to none,
But here will live and dye alone.'

Mr. Massingham's seventeenth-century anthology contains (No. 371) a poem, entitled 'Obsequies,' by an anonymous author, which, both in its subject and its lyrical form, remarkably resembles one contained in these books. This, however, has the advantage of greater simplicity in treatment.

'See y^e building
Which, whilst my mistris liv'd in,
Was pleasure's essence ;
See how it droopeth,
And how nakedly it looketh,
Without her presence :
Harke how y^e hollow wind doth blow,
And seeme to murmure
In every corner
For her being absent ; from hence they chiefly grow,
Y^e cause wherefore I now these sighes and sorrowes show.

See y^e garden
Which I receaved reward in
For my true love ;
Lo see those places
Where I enjoyed embraces
That Gods might move :
O see y^e arbour wherein shee
With melting kisses
Distilling blisses
Through my fond lips, with joy shee ravisht mee,
Whilst pretty nightingales did sing melodiously.

Woods and mountaines,
And all you weeping fountaines,
Assist my moanes ;

My distressed trouble
 Let sad ecchoes double
 With endles groanes :
 O may y^e Spring bee here hence fled,
 And nothing nourish ;
 Let no tree flourish ;
 Let violets hang downe their dewy heads,
 And be like her interr'd within their earthy beds.'

In her anthology, 'Corn from Olde Fields,' Miss Eleanor Brougham gives a copy of 'Mounseer Mingo,' and says :

'This is an English translation of a song by Orlando di Lasso in "Songs of 3, 4, and 5 parts, English and Latin, composed by several Authors. Newly collected and finished and sowne together in the yeres 1655 and 1656. MS. Mus. School f. 18 Bodleian Library, Oxford." It is reproduced here by kind permission of Bodley's Librarian.'

There is also a copy of 'Mounseer Mingo' in these MS. books, written on page 20 ; and as they were 'sowne together' in 1637, eighteen years before the Bodleian copy, it is inserted here, that their variants may be compared :

'Mounseour Mingo for quaffing doth passe,
 In cup, cruse, can, or glasse ;
 In celler never was his fellow found
 To drinke profound by tap, and turne so round :
 To drinke, carrouse so sound,
 And doth beare so fresh a braine,
 Sauce stainte or staine
 Of foule, recoile or quarrell,
 But to y^e good Beare Barrell,
 Where hee workes to winne his name,
 And stout doth stand, In Bacchus band,
 With a pott in his hand
 To purchase fame :
 Hee calls "Come off for shame,
 And try my cuming man to man,
 And let him conquer mee that can :
 I care not, Nor spare not,
 Whilst hand can heave y^e pott
 No feare falls to my lott ;
 Good Bacchus, doe mee right
 And dubbe me knight,
 Don Mingo."'

That 'Mounseer Mingo' was popular in England more than forty years before this earlier copy was made, and sixty years before the Bodleian one, is shown from its quotation by Shakespeare in the Second Part of King Henry IV, Act V, Sc. III, where Falstaff says to Silence :

'Why then you have done me right,'

and Silence, in reply, sings :

'Do me right,
And dub me knight :
Samingo.'

The only other drinking song in these books has been set by
'Arth: Phil:' for two voices :

'Away to y^e fountaine, you that will
Refine your voices and your skill ;
Y^e witts have left it, and are gone,
'Tis now reserv'd for you alone ;
And there is wine so rich, you'l see
Each cup create new harmony.

Each voice its equall height retaines,
In tuning here you take no paines :
Nor Violls nor y^e Organs here,
But quarts and pottles may appeare,
Which ne'er shall empty stand, there comes
No Eccho from their hollow wombes :

But fill'd with mirth your soules inspire,
Scruing y^e voice and witt much higher ;
Then chant some catch, and sing a round,
Till emptied pipes your tunes resound :
That, smitten with your powerfull art,
Each God may come and beare a part.'

In illustration of Elizabethan connubial felicity, we have the following brief strain :

'The Cobler's wife of our towne
Hath beaten her good man :
Wherewithall ?
With an Aull, and an elson threed ;
Shee knockt y^e knave about y^e head,
Shee made his nose to bleed.'

And now this bundle of shreds and patches may fittingly be closed with a ditty in Autolycus's vein :

'Bring out your conny-skins faire maides, to mee,
 And hold them faire, that I may see,
 Gray, blacke and blew ; for your smaller skins
 I'll give you glasses, laces, pins,
 And for your whole conny
 Here's ready ready money.
 Come, gentle Joane, do you begin,
 With thy black black cony-skinne,
 And many then the same will follow
 With their silver hair'd skins and their yellow.
 Y^e white cony-skin I will not buy,
 For though it be faint it's faire to y^e eye ;
 Y^e gray it is warme, but for my money
 Give me y^e bonny bonny black conny.
 Come away faire maides, your skins will decay ;
 Come and take money maides, put your wares away :
 I have fine bracelets, rings,
 And I have stately thinges ;
 Conny-skins, conny-skins,
 Have you any conny-skins ?'

The moral whereof would seem to be :

'Gather ye rabbit-skins while ye may !'

Touching the ultimate destination of these interesting MSS., I think their proper home is the Bodleian Library in Oxford, where they were copied and 'sowne together' nearly 300 years ago. There they would be readily accessible to students, and would be in safer custody than in the Carlisle Dean and Chapter Library, where I at first thought of placing them. Such misadventure as happened there in the past might recur in the future ; and, moreover, in these days of transition, the continued existence of Deans and Chapters is precarious. So to the Bodleian they shall go.

JAMES WALTER BROWN.

QUARRELLING OF QUEENS.

THREE fair queens. Three queens of green magic. Three queens very subtle.

Una of the Shee (fairies) in Ormond. Efa of the Shee in Thomond. Aine of the Shee in Desmond.

Thus were their names and their natures, and striving and jealousy ever among them.

It was one Eve of the Sun-Dancing that the three met together for the Fairy Feis, and small pleasure they had in the sports and races of the Shee. For Una would be eyeing Efa and Aine Una and Efa Aine, and at long last they drew apart by a fountain in the heart of the heather hill and their looks found tongues.

'It is a hundred Sun-Dancings and a hundred at the back of them and maybe more, that each of us has upheld herself for better than the best!' said Efa, and her speech slow and smooth as the breaking of a wave upon the strand. 'Let us set a test and stand by it, that once for all it may be known who is queen of the fairy queens in the four kingdoms!'

Then said Aine with the music of the singing-bird in her voice :

'And who is to be after giving judgment, O Efa? For our peoples would be in dread to give it against their queens, and we ourselves are blind in the eye that sees one another and deaf in the ear that hearkens to each other's praises!'

At that cried Una, and tones luring and tricky as a galloping wind were hers :

'Whethen, first devise the test, O Efa and O Aine, for never a know know I what it could be at all at all. Is it matching ourselves in war or bewitching the seals into taking the green pasture for the ocean or putting up ourselves at a fair, will we be?'

'Bad manners to ye both, for ye have me moidhered (bewildered)! ' said Efa very pettish. 'The fool asks and the bigger fool answers!' said she.

Now it chanced that Rosaleen the puck-herd had strayed with her distaff after the goats into a Place of Hearing on the heather hill. There she lay and the bees singing husheen to her, so that she slipped into sleep and heard great sweet voices beneath in the heart of the hill. Then the soul of her in the chariot of dream followed and into the hill she was borne and before three women very fair.

'God save all here!' said Rosaleen, and by them flinching from her, she knew them for folk of the Shee. But by reason that she had spoken the master-word, it wasn't the underhand she had of them.

'Sure I heard great unpleasantness up above,' she said, 'and what at all would it be about?'

Then Efa of Thomond took the word. Large and fair was she, and her hair golden as the shamrock-flower and her eyes blue as forget-me-nots by Dodder river.

'It is as to which one of three is one and only!' she said.

'It is as to how a riddle shall be read!' said Una of Ormond. Frail and pearl as a cloud in the moonlight was Una, and the eyes of her the grey that is green and the green that is grey, and the hair a woven mystery neither silver nor gold.

'It is as to a choice!' said Aine of the south, and herself brown and quick and sprightish as a creature of the hill and heather. Red as quicken-fruit were her lips, and where the hawthorn white and rose dwelt in Efa's face the fuchsia blossom had breathed its crimson into Aine's two cheeks, and where Una's eyes showed the changes of the wave, the clear depths of a trout pool were in those of Aine.

And Rosaleen, there looking on the three, took her turn.

'Diarmid of Ireland is the answer to all of ye!' said she. 'For let each make her endeavour to prevail on him to wed her, and troth, she who does will win! Fair must she be, for Diarmid the King has never yet seen beauty in aught save horse and hound, and strong in magic to hold her own against mortals, and wit to wile him unawares must there be in her who shall stand beside him as crowned wife!'

'Sure I myself was for saying that selfsame thing, but for you intruding in on us like a bat in a cobweb!' cried the queens with one voice. Well Rosaleen knew that to be an invention lest she should be claiming a price for her wisdom, yet so wicked they looked on her that the dream wheeled about, and there she was back in herself on the honey heather and the goats capering in the moonrise.

Dreaming over her dream Rosaleen took homewards among her goats, and whichever way she looked at it the less she liked it. For dry of tears are fairy eyes and dry of milk the fairy breasts, and the hands of them never raised in prayer and the feet never running kindly errand. And whichever of the three won him, the dream bid to give Diarmid of Ireland a black morrow.

So thinking these things, Rosaleen came by the King's Rath and Diarmid within at supper among the champions. Red was the glow of the fires within the mead-hall and red the twilight before the open door, and the doorkeeper saw clear as at noon the puck-herd and the pucks about her.

'It is that I would speak with the King!' said she.

'Speak with your pucks, and when they answer, so will Diarmid!' said the doorkeeper, and Rosaleen looked round on the pucks.

'Bearded ones,' she said, 'let ye be passing your word to wait on me till myself's back with ye!' And it is what the pucks said—'Me-e-ekh!'

'They answer, O doorkeeper!' said Rosaleen, and into the hall, laughing, she went with herself.

Beside the ruddy turfs sat Diarmid the King, playing with a wolf-hound at his knees. Tall and straight as a spear was he and his red-gold curls roughed over his head and falling to his shoulders, and his eyes laughing-gay for feast or fight. Scarlet was the king's cloak about him and of twisted gold the brooch fastening it, and of gold the collar round his neck and the girdle holding the white shirt to him, and jewels shot rainbow lights out from them; but he minded little all his bravery, only the hound at his knee. And as he was first in the hall to behold Rosaleen in the tide of the firelight, so he was the only one there to see nothing at all but a slip of a girl in a torn cloak and bare ankles under it. But the champions saw her fair and to spare, with blue-black curls floating round the stately column of a neck and blue-grey Irish eyes shimmering for the tear or the smile. And the dog, leaving Diarmid, came and fawned on her.

'Then who may yourself be?' said Diarmid the King.

'Sure none in life but the puck-herd,' said she, 'and one who knows Them there's no naming, are out against ye!'

'Named or Unnamed, there are none I fear with this for my comrade!' said Diarmid, reaching down his war-spear from the pillar by him. And weighing it in his hand, he hearkened, and let a sigh out of him.

'Then it's not war, for the spear is silent!' said he. For the smith who had wrought the spear had uttered ranns as he hammered and cooled, and when battle was in the air the bronze had a secret whisper.

'Yerra, They are for making love, not war,' said Rosaleen, 'and

there's wounds sore and galore to be come by in that and many a captive put to serve in bitter bondage !'

With that Diarmid hung up the spear and he laughing.

'I'm safe, so !' he said, 'for love, no less than war, takes two, and I'm not one of them !'

'Troth, King, love and war can be made by one at a push,' said Rosaleen. 'Who e'er heard tell of the fly standing up to the spider or of the bee waiting the foxglove's leave to lie in its bosom ?' And down the hall she went between flame and shadow, and Diarmid's big laugh after her. But as she passed out the door the King checked in his laughter and stared aside at the gloaming night through a window of glass.

'It is that I saw a face looking in at me,' said he, 'or maybe it was a wisp of cloud sure !' But no cloud was that same, only Una of Ormond with the tresses and eyes of mystery.

Then on the morrow all the King's Rath was for hunting the deer on the hill and great racing and chasing was in it. Close on a stag came Diarmid lifting his arm for to fling the hunting-spear, when between his eyes and the creature once again flashed Una's pale and haunting beauty and the lure of her call on the wind.

'Have I seen or have I not seen ?' cried Diarmid the King, setting himself to follow her. But dew at noon would have been sooner found.

Outstripping the companions Diarmid went through brake and brier, and coming at last he was to where oaks stood about a wide green lawn and a house bright as silver with blossoming apple-trees and arbutus around. Harpers and jewel women and goodly young boys were in it, and under the porch of welcome who should there be but Efa of Thomond in all her glory and the sun gilding her yellow hair.

'Hail and welcome, O Diarmid of Ireland !' said she. 'And is it to take your share of the Encounters you have come hither ?'

'What Encounters will those be ?' Diarmid answered her.

'What but the Encounters this sunset for me ?' said Efa. 'Is there comeliness enough on me, O Diarmid, in your thinking, for myself to be Champion's Prize ?'

'Faith is there, for him who desires it,' said Diarmid. 'But he and I are two men, for I never desired woman yet !'

At that Efa smiled a smile sweet and slow.

'Is it thataway ye think to get out of it ?' she said. 'Maybe 'tis wisdom in ye, for there are strong ones and skilled coming with

a heart and a half to the Encounters, and great shame would it be on Ireland did her King sup defeat from their hands !'

'That supper has yet to be dressed !' said Diarmid, with the red in his face. 'Let who will come down the four winds, he'll have to take on Diarmid of Erin.'

'What pledge will ye give for that ?' said Efa mocking.

'The word of a King !' said Diarmid, and as he spoke, then there was nothing at all of the palace or lawns or bright people to be seen, only a ruinous cabin among gorse and bracken and a cuckoo calling in a blasted tree. And over the hill came Rosaleen the goat-girl spinning among her goats, and Diarmid made three strides to her.

'Ah, puck-herd,' said he, 'what would ail me to take cabin for palace and fern and bushes for queen's court and to stand chandering with an ould cuckoo ?'

'By the fire that warmed ye last night, King, 'tis deludherin' ye one of Them has been !' cried Rosaleen, 'and say quick, did ye leave e'er a pledge with her ?'

'King's word to fight in the sunset in Encounters for her !' said Diarmid.

'Wirrasthru !' sighed Rosaleen. 'But let ye now take heed against Their devices, and whatever ye do, fight to lose the Encounters, for 'twill be a worse loss to win them !' said she.

'A warning is a good buckler !' said Diarmid. 'And what name is there on yourself when others than your pucks are for chatting ye ?'

'Rosaleen am I !' said the càilin, and went west the hill from him and the pucks about her like a bodyguard.

But east for the King's Rath went Diarmid and to a clear stream he came. Then for a big thirst on him, he stopped to drink, and laughing up through the crystal was Una of Ormond's face of glamour and gleam.

'Then I have ye now !' quoth Diarmid, and plunged his arms to the shoulder to grasp her, but nought save the running wave was there to grasp, and from behind him in the hawthorn thicket sounded a laugh sweet and wild as April.

'I swear by the gods my people swore by, to wed that one hard and fast if e'er I hold her in my arm !' cried Diarmid greatly vexed, and into the thicket he leapt and the silver chimes of laughter on all sides at once. But as he sped now this way and now that, a lamenting and a solemn chant drifted across the laughter-lure, and through the wood he perceived monks, with incense and bells, herding along

a girl brown and sweet as merle and she keening like the Seven Sorrows.

'What are ye contriving with the creature at all, saints?' said Diarmid, for kindlier or more good-natured a young man never crossed a horse.

'O Diarmid,' the monks gave him answer, 'no creature is she, but a curse of the ancient mischief and a daughter of the dark. By virtue of our bells we have her, and we go to ban her in the holy well, as Blessed Patrick banned the King of the Serpents in Lough Corrig, till to-morrow should be to-day!'

But Aine of Desmond, for she it was no less, cried out piteously: 'O Diarmid king, is it yourself will see me put out in the cold, cruel waters? Sure no curse at all am I, but a forlorn poor fairy-woman with the sun, moon, and stars for all delight. Harkening to the strange sweet bells was I when these cropped crowns had me snapped, nor would one of them put a soul in me where now is aching emptiness!'

'What way would ye not be putting a soul in her, saints?' said the King.

'Nay, King, souls are but lent from high heaven nor are they for mortals to give or take!' said the monks. But Aine cried again:

'O Diarmid and O Diarmid, mortal may share half the soul in marriage with the fairy race, and if mortal can open Heaven's Rath a crack the way the other can slip round it, that same one of the Shee can give mortal the height of good luck all the days of life, and the bit of gold never wanting in his hand nor the diversion of a fight to rise his spirits. It is what I'm telling you that 'tis mighty handy to have a fairy in the family!' cried Aine of Desmond.

'What say ye to that, saints?' said Diarmid.

'That fairy's gift is mortal's sorrow, Diarmid the King!' said the monks, 'and let ye not traffick with seed, breed, or generation of the Shee, or every bell in Ireland will be rung backwards against ye!'

Then at the threat Diarmid started all up in himself, like a steed of courage feeling the curb, and shouted he:

'The back of my hand to every bell and every monk in Ireland, for the King is not a King who is said by his subjects! By all the bells in a heather field, I'll wed the càilin, Shee or no Shee, and ye may dance at the marriage to-morrow, saints astòr!'

And at the words the wood was shaken with ancient voices, and

Aine slipped between the hands that held her and it wasn't there she was, only laughter lingering among the tree stems. But after that came a chill and sighing wind, and the monks looked strangely on Diarmid and went their way.

'Well, well, man nor fox can't outrun the day of death, and maybe 'tis the same with the wedding-day!' said the King. 'And 'tis I am in luck and great luck with a wife of the Shee bringing good fortune in her pocket!' and with that he stepped out through the wood, yet slow enough he went, and once he held in and sighed.

'I can't get on for thinking are the puck-herd's eyes laughing or tear-shadowed?' said he.

Then at a rustle in the green he looked about, and an elk of full growth went away before him. With no more than the spear in his hand Diarmid sprang in chase, and on his horn he blew the King's blast four times, but north and south and west there was none heard him. Only from the east came a pedlar in a high cap of rushes, and holding a white greyhound in a leash he was.

'O King, buy this hound off me and have your desire!' said he, and Diarmid flung him the gold bracelet from his arm. So the hound slipped from leash, coursed in great bounds each thrice the length of a horse's stride, and Diarmid after it, and the giant deer in front. Great was the going, but the hound held the scent and like an ivory-hafted knife it clove through thorn and thicket, sod and stream, till in the sunset rose and gold it fairly pulled the elk down, and Diarmid neither to have nor to hold in his joy.

'O white hound, take the kiss of a King!' he cried, gathering the creature into his arm. But, and if he did, it was no hound he was holding, but Una of Ormond in the beauty there was no knowing, and where none but their two selves could be seen, a voice in Diarmid spoke of the oath he had sworn by the gods of ill-luck.

'Tis too much of a good thing all out, to be pledged to two women at once!' he said. 'Sure, I'd need to be twins to content them both!'

'Look on the one, Diarmid, and forget the other!' whispered Una, soft as a leaf stirring in high summer noon. And Diarmid looked long and stood silent.

'Have ye forgotten yet, King?' murmured she in his arm, sweet as a breeze over honeysuckles.

'Then I have not!' said Diarmid.

'Gaze in my eyes and tell me is it grey or green they are!' Una bade him. 'Take my tresses in your hand and see is it moonbeams

or sunbeams play through them !' said she. ' Draw me close to your heart and feel isn't it the sweet armful and very sweet !'

' Sure, I can't see your eyes, for another pair, glad and sad together, holding my own,' said Diarmid. ' And whether moonbeams or sunbeams are playing through your locks I can't tell, for wishing to twine curls blue-black as the raven's wing round my fingers. And sweet armful or not, it isn't I can draw ye to my heart, by reason that an armful I've never held has crept there already !'

' For all that, I bind ye by your oath, Diarmid the King !' shrieked Una bleak as the autumn storm, and fled from him standing there his lone in the sunset.

Then, as he stood, a music of pipes and horns rose about him and voices, where neither man nor mouse bar himself was for the beholding, rang keen and sweet : ' Come one, come all, down the four winds and fight for Efa in Encounters with Diarmid of Eire !'

With that, the rose-gold haze of sunset lifted to Diarmid's sight, and it was a stretch of ground green and smooth lay before him, and forms glistening in gold and silver and bronze around, and Efa in seven colours in the midst of her court fairy-fair. But he had no more than seen ere again he beheld nothing but the sunset, and cloudlets sheen about a lough of green light, and a splendour of scarlet and saffron and purple where Efa and her girls had been. Yet once more the course and champions and court dazzled him, till the spear in his fist seemed the one truth.

But the air thrilled with the battle-cry of a host, and Diarmid felt himself beset by he knew not what, and all he thought of was to stand like the Rock of Cashel and put up a miracle of a fight against unseen foes. Thrusting and throwing he was, and once he saw a great grey buckler heaved up against him, and once he felt a grasp soft and numbing as snow at his throat, but the manner of attack shifted from one minute to another, so that a flight of arrows hissing at him melted ere they struck and a wrestler would be straining to lift him from his feet, and the next instant a thunder of chariot-wheels scouring down on him that hardly he might leap aside. Yet what vexed him most of all was that the more he wrought the wilder rose a storm of laughter around, and by that he knew right well the Gentry were in it, for the drop of kindness is wanting in them and unfriendly is their mirth.

' Sure myself scarce knows whether it's a man or a salmon I am, the way they're playing me,' he said in himself, ' and no pleasant fight is this at all !'

Then in a clap, faded was the fairy laughing and blown out the sunset lights, and Diarmid once more standing his lone, hard-breathed and sore in every one of his four bones. And the echo on the hill called three times, 'Victory to Diarmid of Ireland and Efa queen !'

'Echo alive, never say so, or I'm dished !' cried Diarmid in great dismay, and the echo made a song of it, 'Dished, dished, dished !'

'True for ye and bad luck to ye, Echo, but worse luck for me !' said Diarmid again. 'For I'm promised away to three women at once, and the men of learning ever maintain that three in one won't go ! Oh, puck-herd,' said he, 'what way aren't ye at my elbow, for I've a notion 'twould be good fortune for me if two e'er made one !'

Travelling the wood went Diarmid the King, and now the chill wind that had breathed from Aine whispered to him, and again the thought of Una brought the green-grey of a cat's glance to mind, or Efa's beauty seemed no more than a painted fungus about to fall into dust. As mad as the O'Flynn he was in himself, when a sound of piping he began to catch up with, and ever plainer he heard it.

'Three times a fool is enough for one day !' said he, and kept on, till in a moonlit glade he perceived Rosaleen playing her goats home and a weeshy wee puckeen carried across her shoulder.

'Is it yourself has the heart to pipe, and I destroyed with thinking how to keep the word I've given to three women at once ?' cried Diarmid.

'What do ye tell me, O King ?' cried Rosaleen back to him. 'And leave me consider a minute !' said she, there in the moonlight with the puckeen on her shoulder. But in no great while she blew a note on her pipe, and an old grey man-goat came to her and whispering in his ear she was. Between the eyes she kissed him and pointed down the wood and he went at a great gallop ; but a second note she blew, and a white goat-woman answered, and Rosaleen conversed her and saluted her and sent her to another quarter. And the third call it was a red puck stepped up and all went the same, only she signed him off to the south.

'Ah, Rosaleen, quit your folly !' said Diarmid.

'Is that all the name ye have for my messengers ?' said Rosaleen.

'Is it the pucks ?' said Diarmid.

'By the puckish eyes that have the fairy sight and the puckish

legs that know the roads to the fairy raths and the puckish heart that is one fourth fairy, who else ? ' said she. ' Sped to your queens they are, to bid each to the marriage-morning to-morrow ! '

' Then may you and your pucks stray for ever and a day on the Lost Mountain ! ' cried Diarmid in red rage, and at that she ran to him and set her hands against his breast.

' Arrah, King,' she said, ' don't be wasting a good curse on me and my poor pucks. Sure, what have we done save to tryst your three to Colum's Chapel ? And on your life and for any sake fail not there yourself, King agra ! ' said she coaxing him.

' Then for that last word, I'll do your bidding, though 'tis a dark bidding to me, mavourneen ! ' said Diarmid.

So on the morrow he and all in the King's Rath came to Colum's Chapel, and no more blessed spot in all Ireland. Grey between green wood and green wave it stands, and birds singing round it like holy souls and flowers underfoot where saints have trod. Troth, uneasy was Diarmid, only for the flock of pucks rambling at the wood's edge, but as he looked, he beheld an old grey goat travelling up to them and a fairy brightness took the air, and Efa and all her train of Thomond swept down on the King. Grass-green were Efa's robes and silver the veil flowing round and fairy fires of jewels lighting her, and coming she cast golden gorse-blossoms over Diarmid and cried ' To your unborn sons courage and joy in fight ! '

But from the east led a white nanny, and after her Una of Ormond and her folk. Of the iris colours on the hills was her mantle and of the rosy mists of dawn her veil and her hems broidered in enchantments of leaf and spray that blossomed and fruited ever as one looked. And Diarmid she smote with a flying fold of her veil, crying out ' To the children born of ye, Una gives gift of vision and magic of dreams ! '

Yet from the south came the red puck in a throng of the Shee and Aine of Desmond racing him for tricks. Sulphur yellow was her kirtle and foxglove pride her fringes and changing sheen the clasps and ornaments on her and the singing harp in her arm. So she came and, ' O Diarmid,' she laughed, ' to those of your race the gay heart and the open hand ! '

With that the three trains met before the Chapel's arch, and their glances clashed like clashing spears. Then next at Diarmid they looked and as one woman they called to him, ' O King, choose your choice of a queen ! '

'Faith, that's soon done,' said Diarmid, 'for I'll choose her who first crosses this threshold-stone to me!'

There at his word the three rushed forward, but each shrank back in dread from entering the good place. Thrice they came and thrice winced they, and Una stretched white wooing arms across the threshold and Efa flung the veil from beauty of brow and breast and Aine keened as in the wood. But at the third time Efa turned about and whuddered 'To your unborn sons nothing but loss for all their fighting!' and Una followed, crying 'May the children of vision and dream, dream on and dream ever!' But Aine of Desmond shook a clanging harp note down the wind and hissed she, 'A shifting will and strife among brothers while sun, moon, and stars look down on Eire!' Thus they vanished among their peoples, and over their shoulders a clap of a curse bidding:—

'Bad luck on the bridegroom before a brideless altar and blasted the house of him to whom a bride crosses not the threshold-stone!'

'By this and by that, They've left a bad ban on me!' cried Diarmid, 'for here's the brideless altar and here am I!' And across the threshold-stone he called 'O puck-herd!' and 'O puck-herd!' but the third time he called 'Rosaleen!'

Then out of the wood with the pucks about her came Rosaleen in the tattered cloak, but Diarmid saw her fairer and braver than all the three queens together. To the grey chapel she came and over the threshold-stone to the hands held out for her.

'Will ye break the ban, Rosaleen, or is it me heart ye'll break?' said Diarmid, and the pair looking in each other's eyes.

'Sure I'm only used to driving the pucks!' said Rosaleen. 'But since a King himself couldn't be more contrairy than the big wether-goat, then maybe—' said she.

K. L. MONTGOMERY.

GAME-BIRDS OF THE PLAINS.

It might be an October day at home, with a suspicion of frost and a faint haze in the air; while the scene in many respects suggests the corn-lands of Hampshire or Sussex. Again the thin line of sportsmen so diligently tramping the stubble calls to mind a good old-fashioned English shooting party in quest of the elusive partridges. The setting seems absurdly similar, yet the most cursory glance cannot fail to reveal a hundred points of difference. Where, for instance, in old England do cornfields stretch so far and broad, unenclosed by hedge or wall? Or from what point in the Mother Country could eye command so vast a sweep of plain, rolling away for leagues in billowy undulations of tan and gold, melting into purple blue where landscape and sky mingle? The immense gaggles of geese that now and again may be observed passing along the chain of lakes to the southward would astonish the fowler of the Hebrides; while the gawky birds—wild turkeys, forsooth—which have just lit a mile away and are now running like pheasants over the stubble, surely were never fledged east of the Atlantic. No, the grain lands and vast bronzed flats represent the golden plains of Alberta. The peaks visible upon the far western skyline are spurs of the Rockies, and the sportsmen are Nimrods of the West, walking up prairie chicken.

The prairie chick, by the way, is the most characteristic game-bird of the plains, as the name implies, indigenous and, I think, peculiar to the prairie. Though claimed by many to be the Western representative of the pheasant, to which it bears a somewhat far-fetched resemblance, its general character rather suggests the partridge, while it is really, I believe, a variety of the wide-ranging willow-grouse. In every respect tactics employed against European partridges are effective for the circumvention of prairie-chickens, the latter being, if anything, more approachable, lacking the craft of their Eastern kinsmen.

Some fifteen years ago these birds were slaughtered in such numbers by unauthorised parties from the new towns, that drastic legislation for their preservation became necessary. A 'close' season was instituted, and 'game guardians' appointed in all settled districts. These were selected somewhat promiscuously, and the result in some cases was distinctly humorous. One old sinner, upon whom the honour of office had just been conferred, remarked quite openly in my hearing that if he hoped to enforce law he must needs commence at home, himself and sons being the

worst offenders in the township. However, the measure worked exceedingly well, and the birds are again tolerably plentiful. A couple of guns can often account for twenty or thirty brace in the course of a day. In winter several coveys, or packs, whichever term one is pleased to use, often collect in willow or alder-brakes to escape the cutting winds. Like the partridge, however, the species is monogamous, pairing even before the snows have gone.

Perhaps the most curious thing about this very curious grouse is the bewildering drum-call which the male beats in early summer. Nobody seems to know how it is produced, and, hitherto, I have confined my researches to the effect rather than the cause. It is most noticeable at dusk. Its source untraceable in the purple twilight, the eerie booming sound traverses the plain like echoes rolling up a gorge. You hear it here, there, and everywhere, sometimes under your very feet, as you hear a rabbit bump in a ground-burrow. If you are new to the plains you hunt about, but find nothing to account for it, nor is there any clue whatever to the author of the sound, or the direction whence it comes.

The aim of this paper being to sketch the principal game-birds of the plain, I first introduced the prairie chicken as the species upon which one must mainly depend to make up a bag. Far more attractive, however, from the sportsman's point of view, is the large pintail duck, a splendid bird, which may be found upon all lonely lakes and pools in the West, until the first real freeze-up compels him to seek more open waters along the Pacific slope.

These ducks, be it remarked, are not everybody's game. Endless patience and not a little wood-craft must be exercised to bring them to book. They are sometimes shot over decoys, but as a general rule the combined drive and ambush afford the only means of tackling them with any certainty of success. Occasionally on a windy day one may surprise them when resting close to shore, if there is any cover to blind your approach; but too often in such cases the crows that haunt the birch and poplar woods which gird most prairie lakes, give the alarm and spoil everything. Goodness only knows why these dingy busy-bodies constitute themselves everyone's sentinel! It is worthy of note that while the crow seems the sworn foe of all living things, he will nevertheless go out of his way to warn any game against a common enemy. And, what is more, every creature of the wild respects his warning.

I once saw a striking and extremely exasperating example of this when stalking a bear on the shores of Leche, a very wild lake in the North-West, and had another almost equally annoying

experience when out for duck in the same district. After a morning spent in bootless hunting, I had at last marked a dozen pintails afloat in a quiet bay, shadowed by swaying poplars which made anything upon the water very difficult to see. With the aid of a glass, however, I was able to pick them out from a point about a mile away. Abundant willow-scrub made the stalking easy, and as they were lying close in there seemed every chance; but upon drawing nearer I found the poplars tenanted by the eternal crows, who disclosed their presence by breaking into clamour over some excitement of their own—probably an owl. So absorbed did they seem that I hoped to escape notice for once, and had actually crept to within sixty yards of my game when a lone crow, hurrying up from behind to join in the fun, spotted me. His fellows—a good hundred of them—had been haw-hawing frantically for the past ten minutes without apparent effect on anything or anybody, but the moment the startled croak of that one wretched bird sounded over the tree-tops, not only did the crow assembly burst up and scatter pell-mell, but the same instant every duck was in air and headed straight off shore.

There is just one period, however, during which these birds can be shot with comparative ease, either from a canoe, or with the aid of a good dog from the water-side. That is in early autumn, when, if you find a brood of young full-grown ducks that have as yet never quitted the lake where they were reared, the trouble will be to flush them rather than to get within range, especially if extensive reed-beds or sedges afford them plenty of skulking room. Later on, when they develop wisdom, they take wing at the first hint of danger. None the less, the early instinct to hide never entirely forsakes them, and often as a last resource serves well—so well, indeed, that without a first-rate retriever one can seldom pick up a wounded bird.

When really hard weather sets in they seek the coast, especially those districts where salt creeks remain open all winter and afford an abundance of the insect food upon which they mainly feed. And there one gets the best chance of meeting them upon more or less equal terms. Upon the prairie their favourite feeding grounds are the great alkaline wastes and lonely marshes where, even with live decoys, the chances are ten to one against their coming near you. Sometimes, however, when harvest is late, they will alight upon the newly-cut corn. Then, concealed among the sheaves some bright moonlight night—one of the crisp, glorious nights of the prairie—you may get capital fun. For this it is not

necessary to build a blind. Simply surround yourself with sheaves, and, if possible, get the moon directly behind you; then, if your place is well chosen, and ducks are flying, you need only keep still and exercise patience. There is no sound more thrilling—to the expectant sportsman, at any rate—than the strong sure swish of wings as the wild birds sweep over and around before venturing in, nor anything more satisfactory than the resounding thud with which the first gaudy drake hits earth.

The teal, the wood-duck, and the sheldrake are worthy game enough, but most highly prized of all upon the Northern waters is the magnificent Canada goose, or *Canadensis*, its Latin name, by which it is equally well known. From their breeding places under the very Pole itself, thousands of these glorious birds pass southward every autumn along the highways of the Lakes, nor could eye behold a grander spectacle, of its kind, than a mighty flock of them in migration. When shooting one morning near the Great Slave Lake, I saw on the horizon a dark mass which in the distance had the condensed appearance of a thunder-cloud. It swept on at whirling speed, and proved to be a cloud indeed, but of geese. Extravagant language, anybody might think, but without exaggeration, the sky seemed black with them. They were coming straight towards me, and, crouching low in the willow-scrub, I let them approach in full hopes of a right and left. As might have been expected, however, they were travelling at an impossible height, and the main gaggle passed over without my emptying a cartridge at them. The soul-stirring thunder of their flight, and the wild free tumult of cries as they swept past are unforgettable to this day. For the next half-hour a chain of stragglers trailed astern of the host—one can call it nothing else—and it was a beautiful but tantalising sight as bird after bird sailed over, well out of shot. One only of that teeming multitude did I secure, that being a grand old gander brought down by a double-shot from a height which I simply dare not mention, lest even the charitable reader might be tempted to enquire whether the Hassayampa of Mexico has transferred its somewhat singular properties to the Canadian waters.

A wounded *Canadensis*, by the way, is a dangerous quarry for a dog to tackle—as dangerous as a heron, indeed. I can personally vouch for the power of its wing, and a falling bird is a thing to be avoided. In this respect I once had an experience which might have been distinctly unpleasant. A party of five, including the writer, were one day shooting over the country around the desolate

York Lake, on whose shores the eminent fowler never sets foot. Early in the afternoon we had separated to try some diverging creeks for wild duck, with the object of driving game to one another. About sunset, when working towards camp with two brace of pintail as my share of the bag, I spotted a number of geese feeding in the green bed of a 'slough' about a mile away.

Sloughs, it should be explained, are the frog-infested pools formed wherever a depression collects the surface water caused by the melting snows in early spring. By mid-summer they are usually dry, and for the remainder of the season yield sweet clean herbage. For some distance around this particular spot the plain was devoid of cover, and at first sight there seemed no hope of getting a shot. However, careful study ere long revealed a deep, dry watercourse, by which it seemed possible for one to strike a point between the geese and the big lake, whither they were tolerably certain to fly, soon or late. I reached this gully without disturbing them, and after half an hour of crawling and scrambling arrived at a place which seemed as good as any for my purpose. A profuse growth of buffalo bushes alongside the banks served to screen me admirably, while through an opening I could watch every movement of the great brown birds, now barely three hundred yards away. The wind, the hour, the lie of the land, were all in my favour, and there was always the chance of the game being flushed by some other member of my party. Waiting might mean a matter of minutes or hours, but if luck once looked my way, success seemed assured.

And the Fates, it seemed, were disposed to be gracious. I had just taken up my position, wondering how long human patience could endure the stings of mosquitoes, myriads of which thronged the still moist bed of the brook, when, with a clamour eloquent of sudden alarm, the geese thundered up like one bird. A moment they seemed to hover, motionless in mid-air, high above the slough, then, circling once in characteristic style to take their bearings, they headed straight for the water, and, incidentally, straight towards my hiding-place.

With what excitement I watched their approach can only be imagined. My one fear was that they would catch sight of me at the last moment, and pass wide. But they had thought only for the danger behind them, whatever that may have been, and on they came, fast and straight. Though beside myself with eagerness, I hung fire until the leader was within thirty-five yards of me, then, swinging well ahead, let him have it. He crumpled up instantly; then, as the gaggle split and swerved to right and left,

I picked an outside bird and gave him the second barrel, charged with No. 1, at somewhat longer range. He likewise subsided, and, wild with triumph, I sprang to my feet to mark him down. The same instant I became conscious of a mighty rush of air immediately overhead, and, glancing up, saw my first quarry descending, as in revenge, full upon me. I ducked instinctively just in time to escape a fractured skull. As it was, the heavy body brushed me in passing, and landed at my feet with a bump that crimped every nerve in my body.

One hears of fabulous numbers of Canada geese being bagged in a single day by red hunters around Hudson Bay. How they do it remains the Indian's secret. We were only too pleased when a party of three, by dint of driving, ambushing, and numerous other devices, contrived to bag a dozen. They seldom land anywhere near cover, and when feeding are so vigilant that an open stalk is absolutely hopeless. So fascinating is the pursuit of them, however, that I have spent whole days ensconced in some likely spot in their line of flight between two big lakes, awaiting a chance shot. Slow work, some might say, and so it is; but he who cannot brook cold barrels for a few hours would be well advised to confine himself to the home plantations or the rabbit warren. One meets many men—good fellows enough, and good sportsmen, too, in the generally accepted interpretation of that much misapplied term—who, while surrounded by kindred spirits and continually discharging their guns, are keen as mustard, but to whom a bootless day in the heart of the wilds, alone with Nature, would be equivalent to so many hours in Purgatory. One man's meat is indeed another's poison.

He who would circumvent geese by the lie-in-wait method does well to study their air-paths before taking up his position. Birds have fly-ways even as beasts have 'runs,' or liners prescribed tracks across the desert seas, and invariably pass or avoid certain points in their comings and goings. But even when everything that ingenuity can devise has been done to promote success, the fowler must be prepared for disappointment. So many misadventures may occur. Geese in plenty you may see, and any number will probably pass your blind, just out of range—too high or too wide. On such occasions the temptation to shoot on chance will be strong; but he who resists is wise. A long shot at large fowl is seldom successful, and if taken at an ill-advised moment may easily spoil your prospects for the day. Again, the *Canadensis* will carry an appalling amount of lead, and if a 'pricked' bird slants to the water,

small hope of seeing it again. At diving and swimming incredible distances under water, this goose is excelled by nothing save, perhaps, the loon.

In any case, you will make no record bag ; but even if you fail to get a shot, the hours so passed beside wilderness waters are never wasted. The quiet watcher who keeps his eyes well skinned need never lack entertainment. There is always something interesting to see—long-limbed blue herons frog-hunting in the shallows ; showy sheldrakes preening their gay feathers under a sunny bank close to shore, or scattered along some little pebbly beach just washed by the ripples ; lean marsh hawks skimming like pirates over lake and plain alike, or perhaps half a dozen great unwieldy divers sporting in their uncanny way far out upon the water, making the most of the mellow autumn days before starting upon their long flight to the Pacific shoals.

Then there are all the wild sounds and scents ; the light and shadow effects ; the birches in autumn glory ; the everchanging colours of the plain ; and again the small wild life. Ground-squirrels and gophers in quaint striped jackets play around your very feet if you keep still enough. Muskrats, now busily building against winter cold and springtime floods, scuttle to and fro with all kinds of oddments in their little square jaws, regardless of your presence. In the cool of evening you may be lucky enough to see an antelope step down to drink ; or perhaps a mink or a fox will sneak along the shore on other and more sinister business. And so on, until, as the sun goes down, sounds the evening cry of the coyote, first warning of the night. Then he who does not know the plains too well, or cannot steer a course by starlight, had better make tracks for camp, geese or no geese, for nowhere is it easier to lose one's bearings than upon the prairie when night closes down.

Curiously enough, this great, brown, wild goose, so unapproachable in its native haunts, is easily tamed, and many stories are told of ' wing-tipped ' birds that have been taken alive and subsequently domesticated. But here I speak from hearsay alone, having seen none that have actually been reclaimed from the Wild. Indeed, the only case bearing upon this point actually within my knowledge rather suggests the contrary. A wild-fowl fancier in Nova Scotia got hold of three goslings which had been hatched from wild birds' eggs. These he successfully reared with his domestic flock. They attained full size, and seemed perfectly at home in the companionship of their farmyard kinsmen. All went well until a certain autumn evening, when the flock, having strayed, was not driven in

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until after dark. They were going in quietly, when immediately overhead from somewhere beneath the stars sounded the harsh trumpeting of Canadenses in flight. Instantly, as though they had been awaiting the summons, the three young birds responded to the bugle-call of their race. With answering cries they at once took wing, and mounting into the night were never seen again.

Space does not permit a full account of the other varieties of geese, the lesser water-fowl, the innumerable *Tringae*, or such birds as the partridge, i.e. the ruffed grouse and the quail, all of which are to be found somewhere or other upon that vast area called the prairie. It would never do to quit the subject, however, without some notice of the wild turkeys, so little known to European fowlers.

Though not nearly so numerous as of yore, to some extent this fine species has contrived to hold its own. As recently as 1913 a flock a hundred strong was no uncommon sight. I have seen them spread over the stubble like sheep, as thick and as busy as rooks upon newly sown land. They are difficult birds to study; indeed, only by the purest fluke does one ever get a really near view of wild turkeys. Like bustards, they will settle for safety far out upon the open and arid flats, and when berrying or acorn-hunting in the bush, invariably post sentinels at every vantage point.

My most noteworthy experience with these birds was humiliating in the extreme—that is, as far as results were concerned. One bright afternoon I had walked for some distance alongside a briar-clad terrace which my terrier was working for bush-rabbits. Nothing seemed doing in that quarter, so I started to climb the bank to prospect the country on the other side, and had nearly reached the top when a brace of chicken rose literally from under my feet. They were ridiculously tame, and sailed along in such a leisurely manner that I hesitated to shoot at first; then the sound of the two shots startled up the biggest flock of turkeys I ever saw. They rose all along the brow for fifty yards across my front, and the nearest must have been within twenty feet of me, only concealed by the ridge on whose sunny side the flock had been enjoying a quiet siesta. They got up in the utmost confusion, flapping hard to lift themselves from the ground, and, once in air, scattered in every direction, apparently unaware from which quarter the reports had come. Two or three flew straight towards me, and swerving off at the last instant, passed almost within reach. How many there were it was impossible to say. The air seemed full of them; and the dust they beat up in rising, their curious gasping cries, and the wind of their innumerable huge wings positively bewildered me.

Had I thought of reloading at once, there would have been ample time to shoot, but what with the surprise and excitement of it all, that practical course never occurred to me until too late. As it was, I could only watch them lumber out of sight, and console myself with the academic reflection that I would surely have had one or more of them but for perverse fortune—which has been the philosophy of every unsuccessful sportsman since Esau.

For the moment it was useless to attempt anything, the flock having dispersed to every quarter of the compass; besides, anticipating nothing bigger than a woodcock, I had only got No. 5 shot. 'To-morrow, about this time, I will return,' I thought, 'and perhaps acquit myself better.' It seemed only reasonable to hope that the birds would come again, food being abundant in the neighbourhood, and carefully noting all the landmarks I withdrew.

But the next afternoon when I revisited the spot, creeping along the foot of the terrace so as not to be seen, the ridge was as deserted and silent as if nothing save the gophers that eyed me furtively from the mouths of their burrows had ever set foot thereon. That is just the way of turkeys. Once scared, you never know where or when to expect them again. They are so essentially wanderers—the gypsies of the plain—here to-day, miles away to-morrow, passing from one feeding-ground to another, like flocks of migrant wood-pigeons, and any birds that come your way are encountered but once in a lifetime.

The plainsmen seldom attempt to reach them with an ordinary sporting gun, a long-range repeating rifle being voted a more useful weapon. There is also another very old dodge sometimes practised against such big fowl. An ordinary cartridge is cut round the centre, but not completely severed, leaving enough wadding intact to hold the two halves together. When you fire the upper half is, of course, detached and discharged like a shrapnel shell, and the effect at fifty or sixty yards is distinctly shattering. The advisability of the practice is open to question. One might easily try it once too often; and for obvious reasons you must be careful never to do such a thing with a 'choke'-barrelled gun. Personally, I found a 44-40 Winchester singularly effective, and, of course, a much lighter 'pill' would serve the purpose equally well. From a sporting distance one may pick off several of a flock before the remainder take fright.

Like others of their order, turkeys are wonderful runners, but owing to their great weight they cannot sustain a prolonged flight. Indeed, they rise with the utmost reluctance, and whenever possible

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re-alight within half a mile. If you are keen enough to follow them, and are lucky in the possession of a good shooting pony, you can mark them down and flush them afresh time after time. Each successive flight will be shorter, and until they strike heavy cover, or scatter and run, as they eventually do, you will get plenty of shooting—at long range.

These feathered giants are looked upon with great disfavour by the agriculturist, as is natural enough when one considers the appalling amount of grain that must be consumed by the immense flocks one sees in autumn—or did see within quite recent years. Hence, I fear, their extermination may be looked for at no distant date, and with them will pass one of the most ancient and characteristic features of the Plains.

In their favour it should be remarked that they are not nearly so destructive at seed-time or to the young crops as are some birds. Early in the year the large flocks disband; obedient to immemorial custom the lords and ladies of the race part company, and travelling singly or in comparatively insignificant flocks, the birds gradually work back to the trackless swamps and poplar forests where they breed.

With spring comes the 'calling' season, when the beautiful Hiawathan woods echo for hundreds of miles with the rolling challenges of rival gobblers, the far-sounding but not unmusical call-note, and the richer, though somewhat more guttural response of the females. They who have only heard the monotonously offensive clamour of the domesticated breed can have little idea of the effect produced by the voices of these great wild birds in their natural setting. Unlike its tame cousin, the wild species is supposed to pair, but I have not been able to satisfy myself that such is the case. If so, the male quickly divests himself of all family responsibilities.

When the bull-briar tangles and sumach thickets are in full May splendour, in some dry, dense hollow the slovenly nest of the wild turkey may be found. Concealed in the thickest cover it is exceedingly difficult to spot, the more so as the bird is the closest of sitters and gives the nest-hunter little assistance. She lays a big clutch, seventeen being the largest number I have seen, and nobody could desire a prettier study than that of the callow brood and the great glossy mother's assiduous guardianship of them. But that is a subject in itself.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

*THE MYSTERIES OF LORD CAMELFORD AND THE
DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.*

I BRACKET these two subjects together as a title for my article, because, as I once heard the late Dan Leno say, the facts in each case are 'almost exactly the same but entirely different.' Thomas Pitt, second holder of the title of Baron Camelford, was a great-grandson of that famous Governor Pitt who, when in India, purchased for a comparatively small sum the great Pitt, afterwards known as the Regent, diamond—but that is another story, and rather a romantic one. The second Lord Camelford had various strongly marked British qualities—he was dogged, daring, obstinate, pugnacious, and sometimes generous. As a Naval officer he had established a reputation that was not altogether admirable. He had been court-martialled at Martinique in 1798, and though acquitted many officers looked somewhat coldly on him, so he retired from the service not long after. The year 1804 found Lord Camelford living in rooms at 148 New Bond Street, which he preferred (perhaps because he was a bachelor) to his town mansion, Camelford House, at the northern end of Park Lane. A note to 'Rejected Addresses' says of these rooms:

'Over the fire-place in the drawing-room were ornaments strongly expressive of the pugnacity of the peer. A long thick bludgeon lay horizontally supported by two brass hooks. Above this was placed parallel one of lesser dimensions, until a pyramid of weapons gradually arose, tapering to a horsewhip.'

Some of Lord Camelford's eccentricities made him an anxiety to my Lords of the Admiralty, and some a terror to the fops and dandies of the clubs and coffee-houses. Early in March of the year above mentioned Lord Camelford forced a duel upon an old friend, Mr. Best, and the combatants met in the fields behind Holland House on the 7th of that month. The result was fatal to Lord Camelford, who was carried from the field to Little Holland House, the residence of a Mr. Ottery. Here he lingered nearly four days, part of the time in great agony, but towards the last, mortification having set in, he was free from pain. And now we come to the first of our two mysteries. In 'Belgravia,' a London magazine,

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May 1876, was published a racy and interesting article by Charles Reade with the title, 'What has become of Lord Camelford's Body?' Reade had been told by a solicitor, one McLeod, who in his youth had been connected with a firm that acted for the Camelford family, a strange story—a story indeed more strange than true. From this story, skilfully mixed with other ingredients culled from various sources, the famous novelist concocted an attractive literary dish. In a codicil to his will added the day before his death Lord Camelford gave directions for his body to be taken to Switzerland for burial. There seems to be no doubt that the outbreak of war prevented his executors from carrying out his directions, and here let me quote from the fairy story told by the solicitor to the novelist. Lord Camelford's executors, prevented from fulfilling their instructions, had the testator's body 'embalmed and deposited *pro tempore* in St. Anne's Church, Soho,' and again

'After Europe was settled it struck the Solicitor in question (i.e. the senior partner in that firm that acted for the Camelfords) that Camelford had never been shipped to Switzerland. He had the curiosity to go to St. Anne's Church and inquire. He found the sexton in the church and asked him what had become of Lord Camelford. "O," said the sexton in a very cavalier way, "here he is," and showed him a thing which he described to McLeod as an enormously long fish-basket fit to pack a shark in; and this was seven or eight years after Camelford's death.'

Reade's article concludes in these words :

'The deceased peer may be now lying peacefully in that sweet spot he selected. But I own to some misgivings on that head. In things of routine delay matters little; indeed it is part of the system; but when an out-of-the-way thing is to be done, oh, then delay is dangerous; the zeal cools; the expense and trouble look bigger. . . . Rectors are sometimes lawless; churchwardens deal with dustmen; and dead peers are dust. Even sextons are capable of making away with what nobody seems to value, or it would not lie forgotten in a corner. These thoughts prey upon my mind. . . . What has become of Lord Camelford's body?'

Now it is strange to me that Charles Reade, whose motto might well have been that of the Hamiltons—'Through' or 'Thorough,' having gone so far, did not go further and clear up the matter.

With regard to Lord Camelford's directions as to the disposal of his body, his exact words (I quote from the 'Eccentric Mirror,' 1807) are :

'I wish my body to be removed as soon as may be convenient to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains. This place is situated on the borders of the Lake of St. Pierre in Switzerland, and three trees stand upon the particular spot.'

Lord Camelford added that he was to be buried under the centre tree, at the foot of which he had formerly passed many hours in solitude.

Now, had his executors got over the initial difficulty of the war, they would have been faced with yet a second on their arrival in Switzerland. In the whole of that country there is no Lake of St. Pierre, and I make this statement on the authority of Professor Philippe Godet of Neuchâtel, whose letter on the subject I have. Lord Camelford was at school at Berne, and in those days the cult of Jean-Jacques Rousseau was in full blast, and many devotees visited the Lac de Bienne, in which is the Isle de St. Pierre, where Rousseau resided for a time. It seems to me highly probable that in Lord Camelford's mind the name of lake and island became confused. Now let us pass on to that 'long fish-basket' which Reade feared might have fallen into the hands of some London dustman. This fish-basket, a fancy sketch of which appears at the head of Reade's article, proves on further inquiry to be but 'the baseless fabric of a vision.' Had Reade searched the columns of *The Times* for March 19, 1804, he would have found the following paragraph :

'Last Saturday morning Lord Camelford's body was removed to the vault in St. Anne's, where it is to remain till arrangements can be made to remove it to Switzerland—Canton of Berne.'

And had he gone further and referred to the Registers of St. Anne's, which are a model of care, he would have been faced with this entry among the Burials :

'March 17, 1804.

'The Right Honourable Thomas Lord Camelford, from Camelford House, aged 29 years; shot. Fine for burying Lord Camelford in linen, £2 10s.; Lights, 2s. 6d. Buried in the North Vault and paid Early dues, 6s. 8d.'

Oh ! Shade of solicitor McLeod ! Lights and linen, and Early dues, surely these are not the 'maimed rites' suitable to the 'chucking' of a fish-basket into some hole or corner of a church, there to remain derelict and forgotten ? No, we may with entire certainty conclude that Thomas Lord Camelford was buried with the usual 'pomp and circumstance' befitting his station. As to the possibility that the body was taken away subsequently, those meticulously kept Registers of St. Anne's decide that question. There is no record of any Faculty having been granted for that purpose, and without such authority Lord Camelford's remains could not possibly have been removed. And so the mortal part of the tempestuous peer does not repose, as he desired, 'far from the madding crowd,' but lies among many other coils that have been shuffled off in a vault, full and long since sealed, within a stone's throw of two roaring London thoroughfares.

There let us leave our eccentric and pugnacious gentleman, and consider the question of the final resting-place of that notorious and amorous lady Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston. Here we may well compare the 'differing similarities' (as the late Mr. Leno might have called them) of the two cases.

The peer's eccentricities were the talk of London for a few short years ; those of the Duchess set all England's tongues wagging for perhaps a quarter of a century. Lord Camelford had to stand his trial for shooting down another Naval officer in the West Indies, and was acquitted ; the Duchess of Kingston was tried in Westminster Hall for bigamy, and was found guilty. The one, dying in England, desired that his bones might be laid in a foreign land ; the other, dying in a foreign land, directed her executors to bury her in England. In both their testaments there would appear to have been some confusion of mind. The former selected the borders of a lake that had no existence ; the latter named Chudleigh in Devon as her place of burial, though no member of the Chudleigh family had ever been buried there, save *possibly* one George Chudleigh, who was vicar in 1541. It seems more than probable, indeed one might say it seems certain, that Elizabeth Chudleigh, whose speech at her trial revealed the pride she took in her ancestry, desired to be buried not at Chudleigh, but at Ashton, a few miles distant from that place. Here, in the beautiful and interesting church, Chudleighs had been buried for centuries ; while at a very short distance from that church there stood 'Place

Barton,' where they had resided from the early part of the fourteenth century, and where it is highly probable the wayward Elizabeth herself first saw the light. As in the case of Lord Camelford, so in that of the Duchess, the directions of the testator were never carried out by the executors. War prevented in the one case, and it is more than possible that Revolution stopped fulfilment in the other. What, then, has become of the Duchess's body? But here arises a preliminary problem, Where did the Duchess die? She possessed three properties in France: a house at Calais, the Hôtel de Cocove in the rue de l'Étoile, which she bought in 1785; a house in Paris at Montmartre; and the Château of Sainte-Assize, near Fontainebleau, which she purchased from the Duke of Orleans (the father of *Egalité*) for a large sum, more than £50,000, in 1787, the year before her death. This magnificent property was the seat of the family of de Montesson, and passed by marriage to the Duke of Orleans. Four authorities—'Collins's Peerage,' edited by Egerton Brydges; Toone's 'Chronological Historian'; 'The Complete Peerage,' edited by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs; and Hone's 'Year Book'—all say she died in Paris. The late Mr. Hodgkin's collection of documents etc. relating to Elizabeth Chudleigh indicate, though they do not say positively, that her death took place at Calais. I find this view supported in the 'London Letter' of the *Hampshire Chronicle* for September 8, 1788: 'There are accounts in town that say that on Thursday last died at Calais, Elizabeth, Duchess Dowager of Kingston.' Lastly, the late Sir J. Bernard Burke states that she expired suddenly at her Château of Sainte-Assize. News having been brought to her that judgment in the suit she had instituted against the vendor of the house in Montmartre, which she had found to be in a ruinous condition, had been given against her, she fell into a violent fit of passion, that ended in 'an apoplexy' and death. Had the Duchess died at Calais one would have expected to find a record at the English Church. If in Paris, at Montmartre, Saint-Eustache would suggest itself; while the nearest church to the Château of Sainte-Assize is that of Seine-Port. My own faith was pinned to Sir J. Bernard Burke, whose knowledge of the aristocracy was both wide and deep; and inquiries made in France have justified my belief. The Duchess died at Sainte-Assize on August 28, 1788. And 'What has become of the Duchess's body?' Where are the vaults of which Whitehead, the Duke of Kingston's valet, wrote, in which he said the embalmed body of the Duchess was deposited, but the whereabouts

of which he did not disclose ? They are not at Calais. They are not beneath the Church of Saint-Eustache in Paris, nor beneath any other Paris church. They are not where I anticipated they well might be—at Seine-Port. No, Elizabeth Chudleigh, ‘fair to no purpose, artful to no end,’ as Pope described her, sleeps her last long sleep at Pierrepont (Seine et Oise), not a great many miles from the château where she died. Whether the family of that gallant knight Sir Henry de Pierrepont who flourished in the days of the first Edward, and was the ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston, came from this particular Pierrepont I know not—the name is not an uncommon one in France. But tradition on the other side of the Channel says that the Duchess left special directions that she was to find her last resting-place there, *failing her burial in England*. So I venture to conceive I have ‘plucked out the heart’ of both my mysteries. Of the two ‘defunct bodies’ of which I have discoursed neither lies in the place where its living owner actually willed that it should lie. Of the twain the lady had the better luck. The judicious Hooker and the caustic Butler have both assured us that the prudent man has two strings to his bow. By virtue of her second string the Duchess of Kingston does not repose in a spot all alien to her wishes, as does Lord Camelford. Moreover, though the Peer’s name is practically forgotten, that of the Duchess is widely remembered, particularly in Calais, where the memory of her generous benefactions to that town is preserved in a street named in her honour, ‘rue de la Duchesse,’ and in the ‘Cimetière de la Duchesse,’ which was once a beautiful garden that she had laid out behind the fortifications. On the site of the Hôtel de Cocove, where once she lived and which she bequeathed to the French Government, now stands the Chamber of Commerce.

W. COURTHOPE FORMAN.

SOME EMBLEM BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.

Books of Emblems are the picture-books of Queen Elizabeth's age. The word 'emblem' has a very wide meaning. It includes all those compositions we call allegories, parables, symbols, proverbs, or enigmas, and heraldic devices or 'atchievements.' But the typical emblem is a picture or device with some more or less relevant verses underneath. A title is inscribed above, and often there is a dedication to a friend or patron. An emblem may be religious, designed to popularise texts and passages from Scripture, or it may have a moral purpose, but most are small pictures designed to stimulate curiosity as to the meaning and properties of the objects represented. They became common as the art of engraving was developed, chiefly amongst the Dutch printers.

The parent of the largest family is that known as the 'Four Fountains of the Emblems of Alciat,' published first at Milan in 1522, at Augsburg in 1531, at Paris three years later, and at Venice in 1546. Alciat was a youthful prodigy, for in his fifteenth year he composed his 'Paradoxes of the Civil Law,' and was a Doctor of Laws at the age of twenty-two. The emblems were the product of his leisure hours. They numbered but one hundred in the first edition, but were increased at each publication until when the eighth edition was reached, in 1551, the number had doubled. Mr. Henry Green translates one of the opening verses which explains the object of the composition :

' While boys the nuts beguile, and youth the dice,
And sluggish men the figured board detains,
For festive hours each emblem and device
We forge, that artist's hand illustrious feigns.'

This means, if we can find the meaning in a translation of poor verses, that emblems were printed for amusement, and not primarily for instruction. Alciat's are in fact not well fitted for more than amusement. There is little of the teaching quality in the engravings. They are not sufficiently symbolical, and not simple enough. They are rather the product of the new interest in the humanities and in knowledge which the Italian Renaissance brought in. They often treat directly of morals, and on the whole the virtues are represented in a more attractive light than the vices, but the

scales are not greatly depressed on either side, nor is there any attempt at a form of pictorial symbolism common through the Middle Ages and later, which represents the virtues by beautiful, well-shapen figures, and the vices by mean and deformed ones. There are maxims of wisdom, counsels of virtue, reflections upon conduct in abundance, but the pictures do not tell their own tale, and would often be difficult to use in enforcing virtue or morals.

Alciat has one, for example, called 'The Prisoner of Gluttony.' The prominent features of the picture are the sea with castles right and left, and a ship sailing on a rough sea in the middle. In the foreground is the shore covered with stones. All this strikes the eye before it is discovered that what is intended to fix the attention is a large oyster shell, only differing in size from numerous stones and objects littered on the beach. A mouse stands with his head held fast in the closed oyster. The mouse has been trying to eat the oyster and is caught. But imagine the effort to teach a moral from a picture of this sort! Discipuli, if they were aged six, seven and nine, would put a string of questions. Whose ship was it? Where is it going? Who lived in the castle? Then the attention would have to be directed to the oyster and the mouse, and the conversation would begin again.

'*Praeceptor*: The mouse was caught and killed because he was trying to eat the oyster.

'*Discipuli*: Poor little mouse.

'*Praeceptor*: But it was greedy for him to try to eat the oyster.

'*Discipuli*: Perhaps he was hungry.

'*Praeceptor*: But we ought not to eat things we find lying about, which do not belong to us.

'*Discipuli* (conscious of similar desires): I think the oyster was very cruel to kill him.'

So though the emblem is entitled '*Captivus de Gula*,' it is difficult to teach control of the appetite from it.

The 'moral' in fact was not to be taken seriously. Henry Peacham, who published his '*Compleat Gentleman*' in 1634, twenty years after his own book of '*Emblems*' came before the public, says:

'*Emlemes and Impresae*, if ingeniously conceited, are of daintie device and much esteeme. The intention of the Italian herein

is very singular, neither doe our English wits come much behind them, but rather equal them in every way. The best that I have seen have beene the devises of tiltings, whereof many are reserved in the private gallery at White Hall, of Sir Philip Sidney's, the Earle of Cumberland, Sir Henry Leigh, the Earle of Sussex, with many others, most of which I collected with intent to publish them, but the charge dissuaded me.'

Those which Peacham here alludes to were heraldic badges or armorials, with a motto encircling them, such as appeared in 'The Mirrour of Majestie,' an anonymous book, published in 1618. It became the fashion for nobles and others either to display their 'atchievements' in their halls, or devices expressing their attitude towards human affairs. James the Third, for example, devised a hen sitting over her chickens, to emphasise the care he took of his country and people, with the motto 'Non dormit qui custodit.' Sometimes the heraldic charges are made to mean something, and the following is a type of the moralising with which heralds sought to find a hidden meaning or portent in that which had a simple origin :

'To the Lord Treasurer.

Your sable crescent might to some (whose lips
Speake ignorance) portend a black eclipse.

I rather thus discern, how Time would shroud

Your radiant crescent in a sable cloud,

And hold those envious, ignorant or dull

That cannot see your crescent growing full.'

Heraldic writers such as Guillim, who published his 'Display' first in 1610, are very much addicted to this kind of moralising compliment.

Fuller says of Guillim that he 'notes the natures of all creatures given in Armes, joining fansie and reason therein.' Peacham describes this designing of heraldic emblems as a gentleman's exercise, and in his instruction for drawing, limning, and painting he says :

'Of later times, and in our age, the works of Shadan, Wierix, and my honest loving friend Crispin de Pas of Utrecht are of most price. These be cut to the life, a thing practised but of late yeares : their pieces will best instruct you in the countenance, for the natural shadows thereof, the cast and forme of the eye, the touch of the mouth, the true fall, turning and curling of the haire, for ruffles, armor, etc.'

So his pupils are to take these emblems as drawing copies, because the engravers he mentions have advanced on the old line woodcut and introduced copperplate engraving with shading.

Crispin de Pas, who painted the portraits of Henry IV. of France, and his queen, Mary of Medicis, produced great numbers of emblem pictures. A hundred were published at Arnheim, with verses by Gabriel Rollenhagen, whose portrait at the age of twenty-seven appears as the frontispiece. But the verses he wrote for them were of indifferent quality. Dr. Beloe, writing about a hundred years ago, visits them with the wrath of a schoolmaster who has discovered false quantities, and remarks that Rollenhagen might have done better at twenty-seven, 'if ever.'

George Wither, into whose hands these plates of Crispin de Pas came, was also discontented with the verses, and set to work to improve them. In the introduction to his own book of 'emblems' Wither says:

'The verses were so mean that they were afterwards cut off from the plates; and the collector of the said emblems (whether he be the versifier or the engraver) was neither so well advised in the choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true properties belonging to every figure, as hee might have been.'

Wither employed his leisure hours in writing fresh verses for some of them, and his friends seeing them were so pleased that they requested him to 'moralise' the rest. Wither condescended to this, and the result appeared in 'A Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Modern, quickened with Metrical Illustrations, both Moral and Divine' 1634-5. What Wither meant by moralising them further appears in his introduction:

'When levity or childish delight in trifling objects hath allured them to look on the pictures, curiosity may urge them to peep further, that they seek out their meanings in our annexed illustrations, in which may lurk some sentence or expression so evidently pertinent to their estates, persons or affections, as will, at that instant or afterwards, make way for those considerations which will at last wholly change them or much better them in their conversation.'

If Rollenhagen had associated the devices with faulty verses, Wither has certainly surrounded them with some heavy prose.

But the poetry Wither attached to the emblems is often pleasant to read. The following is a stanza :

‘Thou, therefore, who desir’st for aye to live
And to possess thy labors maugre death,
To needful arts and honest actions give
Thy span of time, and thy short blast of breath.
In holy study exercise thy mind ;
In works of charity thy hands imploy ;
That knowledge, and that treasure seek to find,
Which may enrich thy heart with perfect joy.
So though obscuréd thou appear awhile,
Despiséd, poor, or born to fortunes low,
Thy virtue shall acquire a nobler stile
Than greatest kings are able to bestow,
And, gain thee those possessions, which, nor they,
Nor time, nor death have power to take away.’

Wither became a convinced Puritan, and before his ‘Emblems’ were published, by command of James I., finished his translation of the Psalms. In 1633-4 he obtained a second Patent ordering his version to be bound up with all copies of the Psalter in metre that were sold. But the stationers refused to sell them, and Sir Thomas Puckering wrote on January 23, 1633-4, ‘the truth is nobody would buy the book with such a clog at the end of it.’ Indeed, Wither’s object was probably no higher than to cause his poetry to circulate widely. He says, ‘where the summer bowers of recreation are placed near the church, it draws thither more people from the remote hamlets than would else be there,’ which may be interpreted, if you give a flavour of piety to your verses, the public read them more widely.

Wither tries to make his emblems more popular in another way by introducing what he calls a ‘moral lottery,’ which to a modern mind is almost a contradiction in terms. He ‘has appointed lotteries to the emblems, to occasion more frequent notice of the morals and good counsels tendered in their illustrations.’ The plan of this ‘lottery’ is that at the end of each of the four books of ‘Emblems’ is a string of fifty-six verses on different tempers, qualities, etc., called the lottery, the first fifty of each of which answer to, and are illustrated by, the fifty emblems which compose each book ; at the end of the volume are two circular indexes, one to the books, and the other to the number of the verses ; by turning the pointer of these indexes, the book and number of the verses is found. If there are any ‘morals’ in our sense in this

combination of fortune-telling and speculation they did not take much trouble to acquire. But Wither, with his morals thrown in to increase his popularity, with his Puritanism and his love songs, with his psalm-writing tacked on to a most largely circulated book, and his vanity, is not objectionable. Lamb says of his 'Motto' that 'he seems to have passed his life in one continued act of self-pleasing,' but he goes on to say:

'There are none of the cold particles in it, the hardness and self-ends which render vanity and egotism hateful. He seems to be praising another person under the mask of self; or rather we feel that it was indifferent to him where he found the virtue he celebrates, whether another's bosom or his own were its chosen receptacle.'

We pass on to another writer, Hadrian Junius, whose 'Emblemata' appeared first in 1565 at Antwerp, and again at Leyden in 1596. He is one of the best of emblem writers. The plates are well cut, and were evidently designed in Italy, though probably executed in Holland or the Netherlands by Crispin de Pas. One plate, added in the second edition, has the date 1579. In his address to the reader Junius gives much the same purpose as Wither, that readers should be incensed by the obscurity of the pictures to look to the dissertations which follow for an explanation, which means that they are intended to stimulate curiosity. Two emblems are dedicated to his son Peter, one, of which the device is a church on a rock, with the winds of heaven blowing upon it in a terrific gale, to denote steadfastness, and another representing three pile-drivers, or rammers, which are typical of the hard work he wishes his son to love.

Junius has become to us of recent years an interesting personality. He dates his emblems from Haarlem, and describes himself as a physician. He had a taste for old books. In the same year in which he published his second edition of 'Emblems,' he completed a 'History of Holland,' which, however, was not printed until 1588. He describes in this the printing of the 'Speculum Humanae Salvationis,' known to English readers as the 'Mirrour of our Salvation.' The copy which Junius perused was the third edition in Dutch, itself printed before 1440, and he tells us that Koster the printer produced the first edition in 1430 from moveable types. This is twenty years before Gutenberg's Bible, and thus the credit of the origin of printing is shifted from

Germany to Holland. The chain of evidence is through Nicholas Gallus, sometime the praeceptor of Junius, who remembered having heard the facts connected with Koster's discovery from a certain Cornelius, when the latter was over eighty years of age. The conclusion has been accepted by Blades and others qualified to judge. Koster, says Junius, 'produced impressions of engraved plates to which he added separate letters.' The '*Speculum*' is in itself a book of emblems. The pictures are of scriptural subjects, and are followed by verses in Latin describing them, and in the later edition, which Junius knew, in Dutch prose. We need search no further to find the suggestion for a book of emblems, though on a different model, and for a different purpose, the subjects of the pictures used by Junius being secular, and his verses inspired by classical writers, of whom he gives a list of ninety he has quoted.

Junius was known to English readers by Higgins' translation of his '*Remembrancer*' of 1583, a kind of dictionary, which gives interesting lists of implements in use in various trades, and their names.

But though from necessity, one writer of emblems often used the same plates as a predecessor, we need not be careful to trace the pedigree of emblem books, in all its ramifications, to a single ancestor. Coincidences must be found in plenty, for the number of imposing subjects is necessarily limited. Allegorical and proverbial writing is apt to centre round the ordinary virtues and vices and dilemmas of life, as well as the natural objects. The painful bee (the adjective referring to the industry rather than to its sting), the strength of the lion, the swiftness of the horse, are illustrations common to all time.

Sambucus, whose '*Emblems*' first appeared in 1564, has three on the subject of Hope, Alciat has four, and Whitney has three; but it need not be contended that one copied from the other, though in many instances the plates are largely borrowed. Peacham, for example, refers to Sambucus, Reusner, and Junius as the only emblem books known to him, and tells us that the object of an emblem is:

'to feede at once bothe the minde and eie, by expressing mystically and doubtfully, our disposition, either to love, hatred, Clemencie, Justice, Piety; our victories, misfortunes, griefes and the like, which perhaps could not have been openly, but to our prejudice revealed.'

There are several other early emblem writers in English besides those that have been mentioned, some of whom are well worth a careful study. Geoffrey Whitney published his 'Choice of Emblems,' first at Leyden in 1586, with a dedication to Robert, Earl of Leicester.

It is significant of the position which these emblem books occupied that within a few years of the foundation of the university of Leyden, the official printing press produced at least two, and that when the chief printer was also Professor of Hebrew. But the pictures in Whitney's emblems are largely reproductions of those cut by Crispin de Pas which Junius had used, and were doubtless supplied to him by Rapheleng, who was in charge of the press of Plantin at Leyden. Of the two hundred and forty emblems which Whitney uses, only twenty-three of the devices are original, while two hundred and two are identical with those of Alciat, Paradin, Sambucus, Junius, and Faemi. The verses on the emblem of the mouse and the oyster, previously referred to, are quaint.

'The mouse that longe did feed on daintie crommes
And safelie searched the cupboard and the shelve,
At length for change, unto an oyster commes,
Where of his deathe, he guiltie was himselfe.
The oyster gaped, the mouse put in his head,
Where he was catched and crushed till he was dead.

The glutton satte, that daintie fare devoure
And seek about to satisfie their taste,
And what they like, into their bellies poure,
This justice blames, for surfettes come in haste
And biddes them feare, their sweet and dulcet meates,
For often times the same are deadly baites.'

So far this has been the story of moral emblems, the picture books of the Renaissance, but there is another strain which is distinctly religious. It does not consist of illustrations of the Christian creed or of the saints common amongst the early painters, but is an attempt to popularise portions of the Bible, and especially the lyrical portion of the Old Testament, such as the Psalms and the Song of Solomon.

Their fountain head is the 'Pia Desideria' of Herman Hugo, a native of the Netherlands. He died of the plague in 1629, and his book appeared five years earlier. It consists of long paraphrases in elegiac verse of scriptural passages.

Hugo's pictures are very graphic. One which illustrates the verse of the psalm, 'O turn away mine eyes lest they behold vanity,' represents an angel covering the face of a man with his hands lest he should see the very much overdressed lady with fan and ruffs, playing cup and ball, who typifies Vanity.

Francis Quarles, one of the best known writers of emblems for English readers, copied largely and literally from Hugo, and lost no time in doing so, for Quarles' book appeared within a few years of the death of Hugo, namely, in 1635. The subjects are similar, and the ideas common to both writers, and sometimes whole lines and passages are taken from it, especially in the last two books. Quarles had a different object from the earlier writers of moral emblems. He says :

'An Emblem is a silent parable : Let not the tender eye check to see the allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these types. In Holy Scripture He is sometimes called a sower, sometimes a physician : And why not presented so to the eye as to the ear ? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And what indeed are the heavens, the earth, nay every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His glory ?'

The first edition appeared in the same year as George Wither's publication. The learned and witty Fuller says of Quarles' 'Emblems' :

'Some poets, if debarred profaneness, wantonness and satanicalness, that they may neither abuse God, themselves, nor their neighbours, have their tongues cut out in effect. Others only trade in wit at the second hand ; being all for translations, nothing for invention. Our Quarles was free from the faults of the first, as if he had drunk of Jordan instead of Helicon, and slept on Mount Olivet for his Parnassus, and was happy in his own invention. His visible poetry, I mean his "Emblem," is excellent, catching therein the eye and fancy at one draught, so that he has far out-Alciat therein, in some men's judgements.'

The immense popularity of Quarles led to a great many imitators, though it is not safe to make accusations of plagiarism because the subjects are often the same. Like parables, they are drawn from common objects, and enlarge upon common virtues.

The number of religious emblem books was added to by Andrew Willet, a most voluminous and methodical writer. A good deal of his life was passed as a country parson, when he spent eight

hours a day in his study. Fuller remarks of him that he was 'a man of no little judgement and greater industry, not unhappy in controversies, but more happy in comments.' Willet began his day with prayers at 6 A.M. in church, and in the remainder of his time kept open house, chopped wood, dug his garden, played his organ, and sported with one or another of his eighteen children. His emblems were published about 1591 in Latin under the title '*Sacrorum Emblematum Centuria Una*,' and the volume is said now to be one of the scarcest books in England. The book of Francis Thynne, another English divine, was written in 1600, though it was never published until 1876, and then without plates. The editor, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, says that the emblems and epigrams are both dull and poor.

The emblem book went out of fashion as such. But it had a large progeny in the shape of children's books, when the art of illustration developed by the invention of new processes. The religious emblem developed into the hymn in the hands of such writers as Isaac Watts, and the pictorial side of it was adapted in the eighteenth century chiefly to the heads of tombstones, where fine and well-designed sculptures are often found in the old style symbolising life, death, and immortality with cherubs, hour-glasses, and trumpets and emblems of hope, mercy, and pity, and other paraphernalia common to the older emblem books.

J. KESTELL FLOYER.

THE STRANGE BEQUEST OF PERCY LOVEJOY.

BY ORLO WILLIAMS, M.C.

THE cab accident in which Percival Lovejoy was killed a year ago afflicted all his friends, except that one who succeeded thereby to the vacant post of Assistant Secretary in the Board of Public Utility. Time healed their affliction very mercifully. In a few days they forgot him, and hardly any noticed the rather singular disposition of his property. He left a sum calculated to bring in about £200 a year in trust for his servant Albert Bragg, together with his player-piano and all his rolls of music for that instrument. A proviso was made that Bragg should continue as beneficiary so long as he satisfied the trustees that he was carrying out, by himself or by deputy, the duties of which 'he and the trustees were already aware,' and arrangements were made for the appointment of a new beneficiary on Bragg's demise. The residue of the estate went to the Incorporated Society of Musicians, for the support of decayed virtuosi and infant prodigies of disappointing adolescence. This was not strange, for Lovejoy was a devoted patron of music and had no obvious relations; but the trust in favour of Bragg had an element of oddity, upon which one or two particular intimates commented to me. Bragg, as we knew, had been blessed with no musical gifts: he had, as musicians superciliously say, no ear. Not that he did not sing: indeed Lovejoy's imitation of Bragg vocally cleaning boots had often been our delight. When Bragg, who had been a sailor, gave out:

' On the fourteenth of Febru-ary
From Amsterdam sot sale,
Kind Neptoon did accompany us
With a sweet and pleasant gale,'

he attained, as his master phrased it, astonishing effects of *recitativo secco*. And I shall never forget Bragg's treatment of a hymn—that dramatic one 'Christian, dost thou hear them?'—at evening service in a village church in Sussex, where we all three found ourselves one Sunday evening in the course of a motor tour. Bragg raised his voice and lowered it, not according to the notation in the hymnal but according to his own emotional stresses, so that his low notes, which had the quality of a coffee machine in full grind,

and his high ones, which were not unlike those of a dog baying at the moon, contrasted in quaint counterpoint with the *canto fermo* of the choir with whom Bragg innocently believed himself in passionate unison. Luckily for our modesty his tone was remarkably thin: besides, the vicar's sister, intent on leading the choir by a semibreve, had no attention to spare for his tonal eccentricities. For music as an art or an activity Bragg had a contempt which he made no attempt to hide, and all professional musicians, to many of whom he had opened the door, he put on the level of Italian hurdy-gurdists. In private he referred to them, irrespective of nationality, as 'Antonio,' as Lovejoy had learned with rapture the morning after Puffendorf, first cornist at the King's Hall, had dined and joined us both in a rollicking performance of Brahms's horn trio.

'Last night,' Bragg had remarked to the cook of the flat next door, 'fair put the lid on. Fiddlins and twiddlins are all very well, but when a red-faced Antonio comes a-blowin a ruddy round trumpet——' and a dropped boot had obscured the potent conclusion. The cook had responded that, for herself, she liked a nice tune on the cornet.

There were not wanting those who, knowing Bragg's imperviousness to heard melodies, were struck by the incongruity in the bequest to him of a musical instrument. They imagined some foolish sentimental attachment to the thing, such as an old lady might have for a parrot, which had induced Lovejoy to leave it to his faithful servant. He probably wished nobody else to play on it, or some nonsense of that sort, and Bragg, of course, wouldn't. The duties referred to in the will were, no doubt, to keep it properly tuned: Lovejoy was always a bit queer, and it was the kind of silly idea which might have occurred to him. They were wrong. I knew that the idea was, at all events, not sentimental, and that under the apparent incongruity lay a deep propriety. I did not deceive them, chiefly out of consideration for Bragg: but now that Bragg, too, is dead—it was influenza—and I do not know who succeeded him under the trust, I see no objection to telling what I know. Unless the whole thing was simply a delusion—and to all outward seeming he was perfectly sane up to the day of his fatal accident—Lovejoy was vouchsafed a unique musical experience. It has some bearing, too, on a point of musical aesthetics which still, I see, exercises the more philosophical of our critics.

I used to dine with Percy Lovejoy fairly frequently, and I miss

those delightful evenings very sadly. Music was the immediate purpose, but it was by no means the only pleasure. A substantial private income had descended upon my friend in his early middle age, but, though he might have done so, he refused to retire from the Board of Public Utility to become just a dilettante. He worked all day in Whitehall, but made himself exceedingly comfortable in his leisure. Hating, as he said, to waste time on exercise, he took a large flat in Whitehall Court, which was papered, furnished, and decorated with remarkable taste. Everything about the flat radiated an harmonious well-being: the little dinners were well cooked and the wine was excellent. His pet room was the music-room, well-proportioned, panelled at his expense in a mellow wood, with Persian rugs on a parquet floor, soft armchairs, a wide hearth, and a view over the Embankment. The other furniture included a fine lacquer cabinet, two music desks, and two grand pianos. I often brought my violin, and after the coffee we played and talked alternately.

Both as a pianist and as a talker Percy Lovejoy was worth listening to. His musical equipment was surprising in an amateur, and he had a particular genius for interpreting the great composers which for me made his playing far more satisfying than that of most concert performers. His mind showed a wide culture flavoured with a not at all aggressive mysticism. He disliked direct contention, which he tactfully avoided, but in all his talk he gave the impression of one trying always to penetrate the outward shell of things. I can see him now, his abnormally thin body occupying only half the armchair, his long brown beard which he cherished falling over his shirt-front, and his lank hair creeping over his ears, and his hands clasped between his knees, propounding original theories in his high, reedy tones. With his tortoise-shell spectacles solemnly masking his eyes he looked almost alarmingly serious and fragile. He was delicate, but not really fragile, and, among intimates, the reverse of serious. His sarcasms and his irreverent abuse of popular graven images, uttered in a fluty voice, made me compare him once to a wise but rather naughty blackbird. Only about music was he wise without being naughty.

About three months before his death, having just come back after four weeks' holiday, I rang up Percy Lovejoy and arranged to dine with him and play over the César Franck Sonata. It was the usual jolly evening. Percy played as well and talked as amusingly as ever. The only difference I observed was that one

of the grand pianos had gone from the music-room. As this instrument, though usable as an ordinary piano, was also a piano-player fitted with all the latest mechanical devices, it occurred to me that it had been taken away for repair or to be fitted—no new thing—with some extra lever. I made no reference to its absence at the moment, and after playing our sonata and a few other things, we sat talking till well after midnight. As I went out into the hall, however, I was astonished to hear faint sounds of a Chopin Nocturne coming from a room along the passage.

'Good heavens,' I said chaffingly, 'has Bragg taken to playing the piano?'

Percy Lovejoy said a hurried something about having moved the other piano into his study to make more room—a friend of Bragg's who sometimes dropped in—and no objection to his trying over the rolls. I knew Bragg was allowed to exercise considerable hospitality, so the matter made no deep impression on me, and I said 'Good night.'

A week later I dined with Percy again. Music and talk went on as usual. It must have been nearly twelve, however—we were both sitting rather dreamily in front of the fire—when my host apropos of nothing said in his high voice:

'Oh, it's in the other room now!' and he did not seem to be addressing me.

Before I could speak, he got up, saying 'Excuse me a moment,' opened the door, looked quickly backwards, and went along the passage to his study. As he left the door open I heard the sounds of Schumann's 'Études Symphoniques': they suddenly swelled in volume, as the study door was opened, and then became faint again. Percy returned, shut the door and sat down in his chair. Even then my curiosity was but slightly roused, for Percy's movements were always a little incalculable.

I said: 'That friend of Bragg's seems very fond of classical music. How does Bragg stand it? Do you let him come here regularly?'

Percy gave a little giggle.

'It's Bragg himself,' he answered, 'playing to the masters.'

I sat up in silent astonishment.

'It has become a fixture now,' he went on, 'and so I may as well tell you about it. You will understand.'

I nodded, and smoked on. Percy, without the least embarrassment, told his story.

'It happened while you were away. You know my idea that the whole art of playing lies in the interpretation, and the pains I have taken to get right down to the bottom of what the composers had in their minds. This year I have been trying—quite in a detached experimental way, you know—the effect of intense mental concentration on the ideal personalities of the composers as I played; summoning the poor old boys out of heaven on to my music-stool, just for fun to see if it made any difference. I can't say it made much, and what it did make was for the worse, as it distracted me from the music. However, I was playing this game late one night about a month ago with Beethoven's last sonata, and when I came to the end I heard in an explosive whisper:

"Ach, Beethoven, du Esel! Doch so wurde es nicht gemeint."

'I looked up—only the piano-light was lit—and there standing near the piano in the shadow was a broad-shouldered, broad-faced, ugly little ghost, most untidily dressed, glancing at me rather crossly from under a shock of white hair. Beethoven, of course: I recognised him at once. It was an embarrassing apparition, and yet so comic a look of exasperation was on its face, that I nearly laughed out loud. Luckily I restrained myself, for he was a touchy little man in this life, and I wanted to be civil to him. I was about to say "Good evening, Herr Beethoven," when another little ghost, still shorter—hardly over five feet high—and quite young, with a stout, clumsy figure, a jolly face and thick black hair glided up and put his hand on Beethoven's shoulder. Looking affectionately at him—his eyes must have been magnificent—he said, in German with a Viennese accent:

"Come, old cross-patch, don't frighten the young man."

'I spare you the German and other languages I heard that night.

"Very well, Fränzl, I forgot," came kindly from Beethoven.

'That dumpy little fellow was Schubert: I hadn't realised that he looked such a contrast to his music. They both moved aside towards the fireplace and looked towards the back of the room, as if expecting somebody else. I looked too, and saw that there were several other ghosts gathered there in the semi-darkness. I did not know all their faces, but I spotted at once the dark, fiery Jewish face of Mendelssohn with his side whiskers, and the ascetic features and drooping white hair of Liszt. I assumed that they were all master-musicians, and it made me nervous, I confess, to know that they had been listening to my poor playing. I felt like

Daniel in the lions' den, and wondered what awful remonstrance they wanted to address to me. The dear old boys had left heaven in a body apparently, no doubt to protest against my unsolicited invitations. It was an awkward situation, and I was hastily composing an apology, when a lumbering man, with a dignified but rather heavy face under his flowing wig, dressed in a black coat, breeches, and white stock of eighteenth-century cut, came towards me with a slightly rolling gait, making me a graceful bow, to which I responded. He spoke with a German accent in precise, elaborate English :

"Sir, permit me on behalf of all these gentlemen to offer you the apologies to which I conceive you are entitled for our intrusion upon your privacy. I am Mr. Händel, at your service." We both bowed again, and that smile lit up his face which Burney once compared to "sun bursting through a dark cloud."

"You have already made the acquaintance of Mr. Beethoven and Mr. Schubert, I desire also to make known to you Mr. Haydn"—here a benevolent old man with very short legs and an aquiline nose disfigured by a polypus bowed low—"and your countryman, Mr. Purcell,"—Purcell was large and fine, wearing a Louis Quatorze wig of rolling locks—"Mr. Mozart,"—he was short, with very silky hair gathered into a pigtail and gaily, almost ostentatiously dressed—"the Reverend Mr. Liszt,"—Liszt gave me an angelic smile, and, putting up one of his powerful hands, said in French: 'Spare Monsieur so much ceremony, I pray you. Tell him there are also Schumann, Brahms, Bach, Scarlatti, and many others whose works I see on his shelves. We are all enchanted to make his acquaintance. *Maintenant, à l'affaire!*'"

'I was so interested in peering into the darkness—for I thought it might pain them if I turned on any more light—to see all my strange and notable visitors, especially the sublime Cantor of the Thomas-kirche who kept very much in the background, that I missed the beginning of Händel's amiable resumption, and when his voice again reached my consciousness he was fairly launched in his explanation.

"... and this discussion, begun so lightly among ourselves, had become so contentious, that we resolved, if possible, to put it to a more philosophical proof, hoping that where we could not obtain common assent by argument, we might come to greater certainty by experiment. Since the music that we composed during our earthly existence was intended to be translated into

physickal sound"—I was sure he spelled "physical" with a "k"—"and since in our present mode of existence we have passed beyond the domain of Physicks, it was not easy, upon deliberation, to hit upon a likely method. Indeed, sir, we were in some doubt how to proceed, for, though we have many great players as well as composers among us, and some of us had won approbation in both capacities, yet physickal instruments were wanting upon which to try the prime question in debate whether, as Mr. Liszt and his party contend, a proper apprehension of a composition can be secured through the conscious endeavour of a player to convey the intention of its composer, or whether, as the opposing party maintain, it is impossible for an artist, even of the greatest parts, to interpret by any endeavour the whole meaning of another. The happy solution of our difficulty is due to the sagacity of Mr. Mendelssohn."

'Here Händel paused to take an impressive pinch of snuff. I caught a glare of impatience in Beethoven's eye, but Schubert soothed him with some whispered joke. Händel resumed:

"Upon his motion we resolved to visit the terrestrial sphere, and to attend the performance of those virtuosi who still do our poor works the honour of exercising their art upon them. It would be tedious to relate the numerous concerts which we have attended; there is no virtuoso of repute to whom we have not listened, but, in a word, the result of our experiment so far has been to confirm the contention of Mr. Liszt's opponents, for we found it almost universal in musicians that, so far from interpreting the intentions of the composer, they were set on displaying the dexterity of their own fingers or the vivacity of their own emotions. Mr. Chopin"—with a thrill I saw him languidly extending his thin legs in strapped trousers on the divan—"was particularly distressed at the manner in which musicians of your age, sir, use his delicate compositions as a sort of parade ground in which to execute evolutions of unparalleled noise and fury. We were about to decide the question, therefore, in the negative sense, when we became aware of your own efforts, ignorant as they were, to learn the secret of our intentions. We observed that your desire of communication with us issued from a disinterested love of art rather than the selfish expectation of applause. We have, therefore, suspended our judgment for this one further trial, and we have assembled here in your lodgings to-night in order that you, sir, may play our works to us as you would to your own friends. Your wish is to fathom our

meaning and to make it clear. We shall see if you can attain it. The Abbé here, at least, hopes that you will prove a formidable witness in his behalf."

"Händel bowed again, and Liszt spoke :

"Monsieur Wagner was good enough to say that in conducting his works I was his second self, and that when I played the compositions of Beethoven I truly reproduced his music. But that would be for my friend and master Beethoven to confirm. *Hélas*, he never heard me play, so I cannot claim his testimony ! Nevertheless, I affirm that the poet's soul in him who plays may be joined in sublime harmony with the poet's soul of a great composer, and that to render faithfully the works of a master taxes all the resources of the heart and of the spirit. You seem to me, monsieur, to have the heart of a poet besides sufficient musical talent. Do you not feel that I am right ? "

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé, I do," I answered, "and I am sure that Herr Schumann, who found a perfect interpreter in his wife, is on your side. All the same, I fear you rest your case on a feeble support. Mr. Händel and you other great masters do me an undeserved honour in thus visiting me, and inviting me to take a humble part in settling your interesting discussion, but the honour is indeed rather overwhelming, and I cannot feel my powers equal to the task of interpreting the greatest music in the presence of its composer. Would not it not be possible for you to avail yourselves of my piano, so that I might have the inestimable privilege of listening ? "

"Really, I was appalled at the prospect of such an ordeal, and felt desperately inclined to run away, leaving the friendly spooks in possession. But Purcell came forward with words that gave me courage.

"Master Lovejoy," he said, "our fingers cannot move the jacks of an earthly harpsichord. Bear a brave heart, and make bold to do us this service. Your modesty becomes you, but let it not be said that an Englishman shrank from any trial. You are a musician among other musicians, and we are here, not to judge you, but to decide a matter touching our art. Our spirits will be with you as you play, so clap into it roundly, for the night runs apace. You shall choose one piece by each of us here who composed for the harpsichord, and in turn each of us will truthfully declare whether it has been rendered as he meant it. Play as you would to your own heart."

'And Wagner, whom I had not noticed before, hummed "Fanget an" from the corner by the door.

'So I sat down and played: I need not weary you with the whole programme, which began with Purcell and came up to César Franck. The moment before I struck the first note my heart was palpitating and shudders of nervousness were going down my spine, but no sooner had I seen, in a detached impersonal vision, my fingers touch the keys, than all these uncomfortable physical feelings were lifted away. I played, my dear fellow, as I never played before: it was colossal. I seemed to grip the very bones of all their music. If this isn't interpretation, I thought, nothing is. I saw their personalities in their music—Bach's passionate logic, Schubert's limpidity, Schumann's romanticism, Beethoven's groping in the ethereal—more clearly than I saw them in their shadowy faces, as silent and still they floated like gossamer on the surface of my solid furniture. I must have gone on for about two hours. None of them said a word or made a sign. Often I forgot that they were there at all, nor, as I sweated to the close, did I catch a glance of approbation or disgust upon any face.

'I ended César Franck's fugue almost in a frenzy of exaltation, and then I got up from my seat, very tired and rather embarrassed, to face the ghostly audience. They did not make even the semblance of applause, naturally: two spiders' webs would clap together with more noise than their hands could make. But I will say that they looked interested, and they turned their heads towards Händel, who rose as if he still wore the heavy flesh and said:

"Sir, we are infinitely obliged to you. I see that we were well advised to wait upon you. You have faithfully carried out the functions of an interpreter, and it now remains for each of us to give you his judgment on the question before us. For myself, in spite of the grace and dexterity with which you played my suite, I must declare myself still opposed to the views of Mr. Liszt. Though I recognised my own sounds, I did not recognise my own sentiments, for they were obscured by yours. Your devotion to our art proves that your contribution was involuntary, and I hold that such testimony supports me firmly in my conclusion that any attempt by one musician to reproduce the work of another can but result in a botched portrait. Gentlemen, will you pronounce your opinions?"

'Everyone of them said the same thing: and when the first disappointment to my personal pride—for I had failed in a conscious

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artistic aim—had left me, I listened to their comments with closest attention. In different words each averred that something foreign had intruded itself into their music. "It did me good," said Purcell, "to see my old clothes so bravely worn; but Master Lovejoy was within them." Chopin complained of a *brouillard anglais* in his "Ballade"; "he saw what I wrote," Beethoven grunted, "but not what I was looking at when I wrote." "My good sir, I was charmed," Schubert cried with an engaging chuckle, "Schubert in the drawing-room! But I never *was* in fine society at all!" Bach said he heard steam-engines in the A minor fugue, and Schumann remarked "Eusebius was there, but not Florestan. Only Clara understood him, nearly, and Herr Lovejoy is not in the least like him." Even Liszt shook his white mane and murmured "Monsieur, I see that I was wrong. When I wrote that, my soul was carried like Mazeppa in a mad thrill towards the sublime. It was young, it was a little ridiculous. You were neither young nor ridiculous, *voilà tout*. Gentlemen, I am vanquished. A man's understanding is but a lake, continually agitated by the winds of his own emotions. If it is to reflect, it must have calm and repose. But what human heart can have the cold, crystalline repose of a perfect mirror in which we could recognise ourselves unchanged by a feature from what we were? The perfect interpreter in which I believed, would not he be a kind of monster, inhuman, impassive, with blood and muscles but no soul? At least, I was not such a being, and no musician ever will be. Monsieur Lovejoy has no reason to be ashamed of his playing: he revealed himself a man, not an automaton!"

'Before the Abbé had finished speaking an idea had struck me, and the thought which he completed with the word "automaton" was also mine, but with another significance.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the Abbé is right, and yet, perhaps, the perfect selfless interpreter may be found upon this earth. It is late now, and I am still under the domination of the body which needs repose. If you will do me the honour to wait upon me to-morrow night you shall hear your works played as you have never heard them played before. The Abbé has suggested to me an idea: I promise that you will find it interesting.'

"Sir," said Händel rising, "we have trespassed too long upon your good nature, but we will accept your invitation. Gentlemen, if you agree, we will meet here to-morrow at the same hour; Mr. Lovejoy, we wish you Good night." And as I bowed, the masters vanished.

'Can you not guess my idea? It needed a little preparation, that is all. The next night at twelve they all appeared again, and, after the usual civilities, I rang for Bragg. As I expected, being an earthly soul, he did not see them, but walked straight through Brahms and Händel towards me.

"Now then, Bragg," I said "the ghosts of all the great composers are in this room listening"—he thought me no madder than usual—"sit down and play as I showed you," and I sat him down at the player-piano which, as you remember, had its tail towards the door, so that the mechanical arrangements were invisible to any audience. Thereupon, Bragg, whom I had coached sufficiently in the mechanics, played through the programme of the night before, I changing the rolls quickly. For me it was an excruciating performance; Bragg reeled off piece after piece with the stolidity of a machine. I flatter myself that I can get a tolerably good musical interpretation out of that instrument by judicious pedalling and manipulating the levers. Bragg, with an air of dutiful seriousness making his bun-face more bunlike, might have been working a sewing-machine or turning a lathe at which somebody else was working. He made himself part of a cold, inhuman mechanism. At the end of the César Franck fugue I told him to go to bed, and off he went right through Schubert. Till he had gone, I said nothing to the ghosts and hardly gave them a glance; but, as the door closed, I looked at them. The intensest surprise and gratification were on their faces: even Beethoven look satisfied. For a short while they conferred inaudibly and it was Liszt who spoke:

"Monsieur, you have indeed surprised us, for your friend—or is he your valet?—has held up to us the mirror of ourselves. There was something to fill in, perhaps, but there was nothing to be taken away. Your assistant was at the piano, but he was not in the music. Yet, it is strange: we all confess that, as they were played to-night, the compositions of our friends appeared cold and lifeless. I missed the delicacy of Chopin and the grandeur of Beethoven. But, when our own were played, each of us admits he was enchanted, for his own soul, a little faintly outlined, perhaps, walked before him. Our gratitude is overwhelming to you and your assistant. In the name of all here assembled I beg that you will often allow him to play to us. We do not overlook your own great talents, but such talents were ours, too. But none of us as artists attained the pure musical genius of your remarkable assistant, who seems as devoid of self-consciousness as a child of nature. In him we have found the perfect interpreter. Monsieur, I am not

ungrateful to *le bon Dieu* for the charming existence that now is ours, but it is not always too gay. Is it too much to ask that you should afford us now and again the exquisite pleasure that we have had to-night?"

'What could I do but take pity on the poor old shades? They don't get much fun, I am sure. All the same, as Bragg's performance in my ears was loathsome, I did not see why I should have it continually inflicted on me. So I told them that Bragg should play to them once a week, and that, if they would excuse my presence, since it was unnecessary to their enjoyment, I would arrange another room for their reception. Hence the removal of the player-piano to my study, where Bragg, his wages raised for the purpose, every Thursday night pedals out their work to the immortals, and I make my own more earthly, human music in this room. You didn't see Rubinstein when he wandered in here to-night. He is a new arrival, and didn't know the way. So, now we are all happy, the spooks with their bun-faced Bragg, who can't tell a Bach fugue from a Chopin waltz, and I with my personal interpretations. Nobody else knows, but I thought it would interest you.'

When Percy died, Bragg continued his weekly recitals, under the will. He took a little house in Peckham, detached on one side with a factory on the other. Now he is dead, somebody else carries on the good work. I hope the trustees chose their man well. It may have been all a delusion of Percy's mind, but he appeared sane enough. Anyhow, I never go to concerts now. What is the good?

A WAZIR-MAHSUD BLOOD FEUD.

I.

It was a hot evening in June, and the last rays of the sun about to set behind the pine-clad ridge of the Marwattai hills were still streaming through the gap between Kundighar and the heights of the Zaterai range into the narrow valley of the Spli Toi—the home of the Abdur Rahman Khel. Here and there at points of vantage were set the 'kots' of the wealthier members of the Khel—two-storied towers with a few buildings clustering round their bases of solid masonry—and in the cliffs, that bordered the valley, could be seen the dark mouths of the caves which formed the homes of the poorer sort. Cultivation there was little, for the rocky hills ran close down to the watercourse, and only here and there did patches of alluvial land tempt the tribesmen to scratch the soil. The cattle and sheep, that straggled slowly back to the 'kots,' were few in number; for it was the hot weather and most of the flocks and herds had migrated to the tribal holdings in the Badr valley, and were grazing on the slopes of Pir Ghal, the hill of the Saint of Thieves. Few of the men remained, and they chose the close hot valley because they intended to show their respect for the Saint in the most practical manner. For raids in the Gomal valley, the Bhitanni country and the plains of Dera Ismail Khan, the Spli Toi was far more convenient than the cool uplands of Pir Ghal, and the Abdur Rahman Khel were nothing if not fanatical devotees of the old morality. The honour of the Mahsuds stands rooted in dishonesty. Ask a Mahsud what he and his fellows do for a living, and the simple answer will be 'We are thieves.' The occupation is common to all the Pathan tribes of the Indian borderland, but, nowadays at any rate, none makes the avowal with the adorable candour of the Mahsud. Even among them there is growing up a detestable form of social hypocrisy due to the intrusion of lowland ideas into the honest old code of the hills, and outwardly and in conversation with unsympathetic strangers, reluctant homage is paid to the foreign virtue of honesty. Above all, it is necessary to humour Political Officers of the British Government, who are notoriously lacking in sympathy with the popular morality, and before them the Mahsuds, while condoning, as a venial sin, the tribal tendency to acquire the sheep and goats

which their neighbours allow to stray over the hills with a most reprehensible carelessness, will look down their noses and condemn with Rhadamanthine severity the persistent and habitual raiding of the Abdur Rahman Khel. And on rare occasions, and then with some ulterior motive, even a member of the section, while smilingly confessing his own occasional relapses into the errors of his ancestors, will deprecate the existence of certain families, who do not even make profession of any other source of income. At a later date he might have used the name of Muhammad Jan to point his moral and adorn his tale, but at the time of which I write the names of Khalu and his brethren would undoubtedly have risen first to his tongue. Khalu was a worthy successor of a long line of brigand ancestors, and, with his brothers, Jaggar, Shahguli, and Baluch, and their families and dependents, could turn out a compact gang of twenty-five ruffians for any venture that offered a prospect of a fair return. The implements of their trade were well-oiled Martini Henry rifles, supplemented by the usual Pathan knives and pistols, and Khalu himself carried a Lee-Metford rifle, the possession of which stamped him as a man of light and leading.

As the sun disappeared behind the hills half a dozen women, in smocks of red and blue, and with water-pots on their heads, slowly emerged from the huts at the foot of Khalu's kot and began walking towards the nulla bed. In Indian file, they crossed a bare field and picked their way over the stones to a pool under a cliff. Arrived there, they set their pots on the ground and squatted down to wait for a gossip with any of their neighbours visiting the pool on similar errands. One or two others came down, but there was obviously little to gossip over save ordinary household affairs; and filling their pots they hoisted them on to their heads for the return journey.

As they began to move off, a low whistle came from the bluff above the pool. Its significance was quickly understood, and each woman eyed her fellows with questioning glance.

A grey-haired crone broke the silence: 'Twill be the lover of one of you; my time, alas! is past.'

The regretful tones caught the ear of the youngest of the party, who pertly said: 'But, mother, on thine own confession thou hast had thy time; lucky art thou still to have a nose on thy face.'

'Speak not thus to me, shameless one,' was the furious retort, 'or I shall warn thy husband to watch for the return of Amir

Khan's "kirri," and perhaps thy nose will not be long upon thy face.'

The young woman turned away, for the shaft was shrewdly aimed, and the others, whose amusement at the little outburst had diverted their thoughts from the whistle, began to move homewards. The party from Khalu's hut had almost reached the path up the nulla bank, when a tall, well-built woman, the full lines of whose figure even her loose smock could not entirely disguise, stumbled over a stone in the nulla bed and spilt most of the contents of her pot.

Picking herself up, she told the others to go on, and ran hastily back to the lower end of the now deserted pool. As she bent down, she whispered in a low, clear voice :

'Is it thou ?'

A shock of black hair, tied round with a red rag, was slowly pushed out from under a bush on the top of the cliff, and a voice replied :

'Desire of my eyes, it is I ; this morning I loitered waiting for thee, till Khalu drove me forth after the cattle, and I saw thee not ; and all day long have I watched from the slopes of Barpit for a glimpse of thee ; canst thou be with me to-night ?'

'Nay, not to-night ; Khalu is over-fond and I dare not leave him ; wait till he goes a-raiding, and then the night is thine.'

'But the fire consumes me, and my child grows big within thee. Khalu goes not a-raiding as before, but sits at home and waits for a man-child in his name ; quickly thou must decide ; never will I see my son on Khalu's knees, and if thou wilt not fly with me, him will I first kill, as he lies in his bed in the yard, and carry thee off by force.'

'Shando, Shando, thou talkest folly ; to-night I cannot come. Khalu will not go raiding till Shahguli is safe back from seeing the Sahib at Jandola ; and what profit in slaying Khalu in his bed ? ere thou hadst gone a pace, ten bullets would pierce thee, and vainly should I mourn both husband and lover ; wait, wait for his absence ; and now begone, as I must go.'

The woman filled her pot and hastened after the others, who had dawdled on with sympathetic slowness ; entering the yard they saw Shahguli, the one-eyed, on a cot strung with dwarf palm fibre surrounded by a group of men, including Khalu, who was talking in low, rapid tones ; obviously something was afoot, but they did not dare to break in on this men's talk, and, setting down

their jars, began to boil the 'jowar' and prepare the buttermilk for the evening meal.

While they were busy, into the yard drifted the cattle, closely followed by the man whose head had peered over the cliff at the watering pool, and who, joining the group round Shahguli, listened eagerly. For the talk was of a raid, and to Shando a raid meant more than any knew save Khalu's wife.

'They grow brave,' Khalu was saying, 'these dogs of Bhitannis, to graze their flocks on the hills of the Mahsuds; but hast thou a certainty that they were Bhitannis, and not our Shaman Khel?'

'Yes!' replied Shahguli, 'for I saw the "kirri" lying just below the mouth of the Shahur Tangi, and the flocks were on the hills above; and as I came up the Tangi I asked the Shaman Khel, and they laughed to think of their "kirris" lying in the heat below the hills. And I stole up close to the "kirri," and among them is Gulrang.'

'What? Gulrang of Jandola? He who swore the false oath over the cattle I took beyond the boundaries of the "Kafir," and for which the Sahib seized the donkeys that were bringing up the salt from Tank!'

'The same!' said Shahguli.

'Then,' replied Khalu, 'by to-morrow night, Gulrang's sheep shall pasture in the Spli Toi and the Mallas of Jandola shall be washing Gulrang's body for the burial.' He turned round as he spoke, as if to look for a messenger, and caught the eyes of Shando.

'Oh Wazir, thine eyes gleam at the thought of a bellyfull of Bhitanni meat; wilt thou come to bring it in? Nay, come not,' he went on, 'for all thy long limbs thou art but a Wazir; take the cattle to-morrow to the hills, 'tis all thou art fit for. But now tell the women to prepare cakes of "jowar" for us to carry.'

Crossing the courtyard, Shando gave the order to the women, and as he spoke one pair of eyes shot a message to him, and the anger in his heart fled before dreams of the night to come. He was a Wazir, dwelling under the shadow of Khalu's protection; poor in his own tribe, his tall and handsome form had won him the love of the wife of his own 'malik.' The intrigue came to light, and the angry husband had cut the woman's throat and hacked her breasts in his fury. But the very violence of his rage had prevented full revenge; a friendly warning had sent Shando flying over the hills to fall at Khalu's feet and entreat him to take him as his 'hamsaya.' There he had lived for two years, herding

the cattle and ploughing the land for his master, and had repaid him by stealing the heart of Janikhela, his young wife. She was a handsome woman, and, for a Mahsud, tall, the daughter of a 'malik' of the Haibat Khel, and Khalu had paid dear for her. Now she was more precious to him than ever; his first wife had died childless, and Janikhela was big with child, though whether the child was Khalu's or Shando's, none but she could tell.

Shando slunk off to the cowshed to dream his dreams and lay his plans, and meanwhile the discussions regarding the raid went on; it was only a small affair, and Khalu, though he loved the game, might have left it to his younger brethren but for the chance of revenge on Gulrang. Lust for vengeance, however, turned the scale, and he decided to go himself. Jaggar, the next brother, a young cousin, and Shando were left to guard the tower, and as night fell, Khalu, Shahguli, Baloch and two others stole out of the kot. Their bandoliers were full, their rifles well oiled, and in the folds of their garments they carried 'chuppatties' of 'jowar.' Darkness was no obstacle, for they knew every stone of the hills, and before morning they were lying snugly on a lofty spur commanding the mouth of the Shahur Tangi. As daylight waxed, and the sphere of vision widened, Khalu turned angrily to Shahguli.

'Thou one-eyed fool; thou must have looked at the Bhitanni "kirri" with thy blind eye; it is not below the pass, but over there on the "raghza," almost within hail of the fort!'

Shahguli's one eye gleamed up as if he would murder his brother, who went on relentlessly:

'A fine cock¹ art thou to alarm them by crowing round their "kirri." Couldst thou not spy out the land without being heard and seen by the whole world?'

However, anger did not improve the situation, and, after a while, the little band sat down quietly to discuss the plan of campaign. The 'kirri' could not be rounded up without bringing out not only the whole of the Bhitannis, who might have been beaten off, but the troops from the fort—and that was not to be thought of. Either they must return empty-handed, or watch through the day for Bhitanni carelessness or rashness to give them a chance at the flocks.

They chose the second alternative, and then turned to eat and sleep—save one in turn to keep watch over the valley below them. The Mahsud sentry is eminently practical. He does not believe

¹ *Chirg*, a cock, is the Mahsud word for the spy who brings news to raiders.

in the spectacular method of picquetting dear to certain special correspondents ; the last thing he would think of is to stand erect on the topmost pinnacle of a hill, proclaiming his presence to the whole world and offering a target to every skilful stalker within the horizon. Khalu's sentry, clad in dirty grey, lay prone on the grey hillside, with his black shock of hair peering round a black rock. To find him, it would have been necessary to tread on him, but he kept none the less careful watch on the valley below. Slowly the Bhitanni flocks spread over the hills, and by mid-day the sentry was able to report that two men had taken some fifty head to water at the mouth of the Tangi and left them to graze at will on the near side of the valley. The heat was intense, and the Bhitannis, untroubled by suspicions, lay down in the shade of a rock to sleep the time away, while the sheep, watched now by ten keen eyes, wandered ever higher on the hillside. The opportunity of the raiders was drawing nearer and nearer, and Khalu began to develop his plan of attack. This was simple. All five were to steal down the nulla to the left and then move slowly across the face of the hill, cutting off as many of the sheep as possible ; two were to drive the sheep off while the others were to cover the retreat—quite a plain, ordinary affair, and, barring accidents, devoid of danger.

The plan was neatly and expeditiously executed, and soon some forty sheep were being driven up the hillside. A Bhitanni across the valley sent out a shrill cry of warning to the sleeping herdsmen, and they quickly bounded up the hill. As they appeared in sight, Khalu, Shahguli, and Baluch took cover, while the other two continued to hurry the sheep over the crest. Shots were exchanged, but the Bhitannis, armed only with Enfield rifles, were hopelessly outranged, and the three brothers conducted a leisurely retrograde movement, each retiring in turn, while the other two let fly an occasional shot to keep the enemy at a distance. When they reached the crest, they saw the sheep well away on the far side, and now had only to dash down to join them to be safe ; for the Bhitannis, though reinforced, hardly dared press the pursuit farther. To show his contempt for his foes, Khalu lingered on the crest and allowed them to come within earshot, expressing meanwhile his opinions of Bhitannis, their ancestry, their manners, and their women, in language painfully devoid of reticence.

The wild shooting of their inferior rifles further emboldened him to emerge from cover, and as he was well in the middle of a witty comparison of the Bhitannis of Jandola to the dung of the

donkey of Antichrist, a bullet, for once with a billet, took him in the chest. Shahguli and Baluch, though young in years, were old enough raiders to keep their heads. Baluch quickly slung Khalu over his shoulder and sent a loud halloo echoing down the hillside to his comrades with the sheep, while Shahguli seized the famous Lee-Metford and proceeded to keep the Bhitannis at bay. When he saw that all was safe below, he let fly a parting shot and went off like a markhor down the slope and, before the Bhitannis could gain the crest, was well out of range.

It was a slow and depressing procession that marched up the Spli Toi in the morning; for the few sheep that had not strayed on the long night march were but poor compensation for the death of Khalu, now lying a corpse on a cot borrowed from a friendly Abdurrahman Khel tower lower down the valley. As their home was neared, a shout was raised; the shrill barking of dogs was the first reply, slowly the women emerged, and then cautiously, with rifles cocked, two of the men who had been left to guard the tower. The cot with its burden told its own story, and as it was set down the women began to beat their breasts and wail loudly for the passing of the greatest of Mahsud braves; but hardly had the keen notes pierced the morning air, when it was seen that another blow had fallen on the household—and one that touched Pathan honour in its tenderest point—for from the wailing crowd were missing Janikhela, Khalu's wife, and Shando, the Wazir hamsaya.

II.

The lovers had made the best of their unexpected opportunity. Jaggar and his cousin retired for the night with their rifles to the top of the tower, carefully pulling up the ladder behind them, and the women lay down side by side on the cots in the yard.

Wide-eyed and tremulous, Janikhela waited till the moon had dropped behind the hill, and then, slipping quietly from her bed, crept away to join Shando in the cow-shed. He greeted her with rapture, but both knew that their lives depended on secrecy and speed; so taking advantage of the darkest shadows, the two glided silently down the slope of the knoll and made for the nulla-bed. After following the nulla for about a mile, they struck off at full speed over the hills to the south, keeping well clear of all beaten tracks.

The way was long and difficult, but fear drove them on, and, as Khalu's corpse was being carried into the yard of the 'kot,' they were approaching the Militia fort of Sarwakai, the first stage on their journey to Wana.

The decision to take refuge in Wana was the outcome of careful deliberation. In the hillman, British territory inspired the double fear of the heat of the plains and the strange laws of the 'Kafir.' Among the adjacent tribes of independent territory, Wazir, Bhitanni, or even Mahsud, no secure refuge could be found, for few 'maliks,' however powerful, would wantonly risk a feud with Khalu's brethren. The Wazirs of Wana were, however, under the protection of Government, which afforded some guarantee against immediate and bloody revenge, and if a 'malik' of importance could be found to accept the fugitives as his 'hamsayas,' there was hope of at least temporary protection from the dangers that threatened them. The choice of a 'malik' was carefully conned, and finally Shando decided to apply to Samandar. He was of the Utman Khel branch of the Zilli Khel, who were never on good terms with his own section, the Taji Khel; he bore bitter enmity towards Khalu, who had lifted 1600 of his sheep a year or two previously, and refused all redress; and last, but not least, was in good odour with the Sahib, his influence with whom might secure them from being deported across the Indus or being driven into independent territory.

These considerations had decided Shando to make for Sarwakai, the nearest point of the territory protected by the Political Agent at Wana. The fugitives went straight to the spring, and, after a welcome drink of water, sat there for a while; greetings were exchanged with a few Afridi sepoy of the Militia, but Shando waited till a Wazir came; from him he obtained some 'jowar chuppatties,' given with ready hospitality, and the valuable information that Samandar was at his 'kot' in Wana. Cheered more by this information than by the food, the pair set out. Quitting the camel-track as soon as they rounded Kundighar, they struck across Madijan, turning at every point of vantage to see if there were any signs of pursuit. Below Karabkot a welcome drink in the water of the Toi gave them strength to climb the Tora Tizha pass; from the crest they saw with joyful hearts the Wana plain stretched below them and now felt sure of reaching their destination in safety.

It was late in the evening when they approached Samandar's

'kot.' They were received with the profuse greetings and the open hospitality of the Pathan, and Shando was soon seated at meat with the menfolk, while the women took charge of Janikhela. From the buzz of conversation that soon arose among the women it was clear that they were quickly in possession of Janikhela's story, but Samandar politely waited until his guest had finished his meat before he inquired the object of his journey. Shando's name, which had been spoken on arrival, had doubtless given him a clue, and he showed no surprise when his guest fell at his feet, poured out his story, and implored him to cast over his guests the shadow of his protection. Shando's feud with his original 'malik' had no terrors for Samandar, and the opportunity for getting square with Khalu was too good a chance to be thrown away. Solemnly he took Shando by the hands, lifted him up, and formally accepted him and the woman as his 'hamsayas'—dwellers under his shadow, to whose protection he was bound by every law of Pathan honour.

The news of Khalu's death ran like wild-fire through the country-side; in Samandar's 'kot' it was a cause of great rejoicing, and among the Bhitannis of Jandola the honour of having fired the fatal shot was hotly disputed. Personally, I was glad to hear of the death of the famous raider, and equally rejoiced to be able to postpone offering the fugitives the usual alternatives of deportation across the Indus or retreat into independent territory. The death of the injured husband delayed action by his brethren, and about a month elapsed ere the case was brought to my notice again, and then not quite in the form that might have been expected. I was holding my weekly jirga for the transaction of ordinary work with the Wana Wazirs when a party of Mahsuds pushed rudely through the assembly seated round my table in the open, as if the Wazirs were dust beneath their feet, and Jaggar interrupted the course of business by planting himself squarely in front of me and exclaiming 'Sahib, arz-laram, I have a petition!'

The Mahsud's manners, never his strong point, are always apt to vanish before his sense of self-importance, so I merely glanced up and told the petitioner to sit down quietly on one side, until I had finished with the Wazirs, and thereafter bade him come over to my house in the Fort after lunch. When I saw him, he related quietly and without excitement the story of Khalu's death and the flight of his wife, and finished by a modest request that the guilty pair should be forthwith handed over to him. Compliance meant, of course, instant and bloody death, and was flatly declined,

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though I expressed my readiness to turn the pair out of the protected area. Jaggar sat silent for a while, and then to my surprise dropped the main question and asked me if I would cause the return of some jewels and money which had, he asserted, been carried off by Janikhela. The assertion was, *prima facie*, of little if any truth, but I promised a regular inquiry, provided he put in a petition in due form. This he undertook to do, and rose to take his leave, but before he was allowed to depart he received a strong warning against executing his revenge inside the protected area. This he smilingly deprecated, and with a 'God preserve you' he strode away.

My confidence in his good faith was little, and it was not increased by finding that he and his brethren neither put in a formal claim for the jewels nor took their departure from Wana. For two or three weeks they remained on the plain, enjoying the hospitality of a merry and handsome Wazir, named Dalli, who had married their sister. Doubtless for a while they looked out for chances of murdering Shando and Janikhela, but the lovers kept themselves inside Samandar's 'kot,' and the Wazirs amused themselves by covert jibes at the brethren for their powerlessness. Jaggar did not appear in the least perturbed, though his younger brethren with difficulty resisted the temptation to retort on the jesters with a bullet. However, nothing further seemed to have happened, when one day Jaggar came to see me and announced his intention of departing to his home.

'Sahib,' he said, 'we are helpless; the man and the woman are deserving of death, but the strange laws of the "Farangi" are a shield to the evil-doers. Also we fear thee, and Samandar is a strong and just man, who will always protect his own "ham-sayas." Perhaps in the future our opportunity will come, but now we desire to depart.'

'Very good,' I replied, 'it is as you will; but what of the matter of the jewels?'

He shrugged his shoulders and said: 'What matter the jewels when our honour is black and vengeance is barred? Perhaps when our honour is white again, we will demand them. Till then, Sahib, God preserve thee.'

There was an undertone in his remarks that caused a momentary suspicion that his cards were by no means all on the table, but he and his followers left Wana that night, and my suspicions were forgotten until they were recalled to my mind by a triple tragedy.

The attainment of vengeance, or, perhaps, to the Mahsud view, the infliction of the just punishment for adultery on the guilty pair, had been the subject of perpetual conferences between the brethren and Dalli. Samandar's 'kot' was strong, and he had a large following in Wana, nor were Shando and Janikhela likely to expose themselves; further, murder in the protected area would involve the families with the Political Agent, backed by the Militia, and was not lightly to be undertaken. A petition to the Sahib would at the best only have the result of expulsion of the pair into independent territory, and they might easily slip away and journey far. This, the only possible mode of legal action, was postponed for the present, and further search was made for a way out of the difficulties. This plan and that plan were suggested and rejected, and the case appeared to be almost hopeless when it flashed upon Dalli that Samandar held the key of the situation. Jaggar was quick to concur, and the question then resolved itself into another—could any bribe be found which would induce Samandar to violate the faith which he had solemnly pledged to his 'hamsayas,' and betray them to their death? This was long debated, but no solution of the problem could readily be found. Jaggar was ready to promise anything—even to the famous Lee-Metford, but nothing could be done without Samandar being approached, and obviously secrecy and caution were essential. Eventually it was decided that, to avoid suspicion, Jaggar should depart with his following to their homes, and Dalli should be left in charge of the negotiations with Samandar.

III.

A few days afterwards Dalli set out on a visit to Samandar's 'kot,' and on being questioned by the women as to his business with the master of the house, replied that he desired to see Samandar about the sale or exchange of certain land. After a while he was admitted to the 'kot,' and taken by Samandar into a room alone.

A few inquiries as to each other's health were exchanged, and then Samandar, who doubtless had a pretty accurate idea of the real business, asked his guest what was the reason of his visit.

'It is,' began Dalli, 'a matter of land, but it also concerns

the customs of the Pathans, and I fear to speak about it, in that you are very firm about Pathan honour.'

'I am very firm in matters of honour,' replied Samandar, 'but I do not understand to what land you refer nor in what way my honour is concerned.'

'It is a piece of land, or rather two pieces of land, to which certain Mahsuds lay claim, but perhaps you would not consider it honourable to hand over land to Mahsuds even for a great price.'

'No,' Samandar replied, with an air that was almost unctuous, 'that I can never do; it is against the honour of the Wazirs to give up land to Mahsuds, and to sell would be to sell my honour and that of my tribe, and indeed of all Pathans. If you refer to the pieces of land of which I think you are talking, the matter is even more difficult. I cannot give them up to any Mahsuds, much less to my own enemies; indeed I have sworn never to do so.'

'But,' insinuated Dalli, 'the land is of little value, indeed of none, to you, but to the Mahsuds of great value, and the price will be high; they will give much gold, even five hundred rupees.'

'Five hundred rupees, what is that!' laughed Samandar. 'Such land, so acquired, cannot be sold for a lakh of rupees; you are but wasting words. The land is not for sale, and that is final.'

Dalli went on raising the bid, but to no purpose. Samandar merely reiterated that he could not sell the land and his honour for money, and Dalli was driven to play his next card, and offer, in addition to two thousand rupees, a seven-shot or Lee-Metford rifle.

'A seven-shot rifle?' said Samandar. 'For that would I do much.'

'It is a fine rifle,' Dalli continued, 'among the Mahsuds only the Mulla Powinda has one like it, and none of us Wazirs has one; it shoots seven times and never misses even at a thousand yards.'

Samandar thought awhile, and Dalli looked on, quiet externally but chuckling to himself at having found a price for Samandar's boasted honour. But he was soon to be disappointed.

'No,' said Samandar firmly; 'it cannot be done; it is a matter of honour, and besides from the rifle all would be known, and among the Wazirs my face would be blackened; it cannot be done.'

Dalli urged on him the greatness of the proffered sum and the excellence of the rifle, but could make no impression, and then was forced to play his trump card.

'Then you will not sell, Samandar?'

'No! I cannot!'

Dalli paused a moment, and then leaning forward said:

'But perhaps you will exchange?'

'Exchange how, and for what?' exclaimed Samandar in surprise.

'Land, whereon you have a claim and of which the Mahsuds hold possession, in exchange for what you hold and the Mahsuds claim,' retorted Dalli, with a meaning smile.

Samandar looked at him for a moment thoughtfully, and then muttered one word:

'Zangi?'

Dalli nodded and Samandar pondered; the hook was well baited to catch Pathan lust for revenge. Zangi had blackened the honour of Samadar's family by running off with the wife of his brother Adin some years previously. He had become the 'hamsaya' of Mir Dil, 'malik' of the Mal Khel Mahsuds, and all attempts at vengeance had failed. The money tempted his avarice and the vengeance his passions, and Dalli was quick to see the impression he had made.

'Zangi will die and your honour will be white,' he went on persuasively, 'and none need know about the price of the land. The money I will pay in secret and you need only give the Mahsuds a chance to take possession of the land; they will not miss it, I promise you.'

And so the treaty was made; lust for vengeance and lust for money were too strong for Pathan honour. Jaggar and his brethren were to kill Zangi and pay two thousand rupees, and in return Samandar was to betray his dependents to their vengeance. The names of Shando and Janikhela had never been mentioned, but the parties understood, and yet could swear, should aught become known, that they had never spoken a word about them.

The shameful treaty concluded, Dalli swung jauntily out of the 'kot,' telling the women that Samandar was a miserly man, who would not pay the price for the land, and then, as night fell, he slipped over the hills to the Spli Toi and announced to the expectant brethren the bargain he had made on their behalf. They pulled long faces over the money, but seeing that they must pay or abandon all hopes of vengeance, agreed to remit the money to Dalli as soon as possible, and fell to talking about the promised murder of Zangi. The younger members of the party were quite

ready to undertake it, together or singly, but their own idea was to hang about the 'kots' of the Mal Khel until a chance of shooting their victim occurred, and neither Jaggar nor Dalli was for such open work. Samandar had warned Dalli that the work must be quietly done, so that no suspicion should fall on him of having bargained away to Jaggar the lives of his 'hamsayas,' and further desired that their betrayal might be effected before the knowledge of Zangi's death aroused any doubts in their minds.

Something more than skilful stalking and straight shooting was required, and Dalli and Jaggar turned out the young bloods and sat down to a lengthy discussion of the possibilities of secret and unsuspected murder. Many plans were proposed, only to be rejected, but at last a satisfactory one was devised, and for simplicity combined with cunning it was hard to beat. Zangi could not be approached openly; in the first place it would be known who had been talking to him; secondly, Mir Dil was an enemy of Jaggar's and to venture in Mal Khel limits was dangerous; and, further, it was important that Zangi should be got away from Mir Dil's 'kot' without it being known where and with whom he had gone. None of these points had escaped the plotters, and their plan met every difficulty. An unsuspected third party was to visit Zangi and inform him that Jaggar and his brethren had resolved to murder Samandar for sheltering Shando and Janikhela. Zangi would doubtless also be glad to have done with Samandar, who had sought his life for years, and the brethren would be glad of his assistance. If he desired to come, they would be in the scrub on the north side of the Lare Lar pass on a certain evening, and would wait for him till morning. As soon as the money was found, Dalli returned to Wana with it, and thereafter it was no long task to find a messenger to communicate with Zangi. The tale was well contrived, and Zangi's heart leapt at the thought of killing Samandar. Without doubt or hesitation he undertook to be at the rendezvous, and as evening fell on the appointed day, rifle on shoulder and knife in belt, he mounted the Lare Lar pass and joyfully replied to a low whistle from the scrub on the north of the crest. In a minute he had found Jaggar and his brethren, who seized his hands and welcomed him warmly. He sat down, thanking them for allowing him to join in killing Samandar, and began to question Jaggar about his plans. Jaggar put him off, saying that all would be clear to him later, but for the present they must make use of the night to cross the Shah Alam Raghza

unobserved, and then lie up on the edge of the Wana plain. Zangi unsuspectingly acquiesced, and the party set out, crossed the open valley, and then lay down for the night in the ravines of Kotkum hill. A fire was lit, and they were soon busy cooking their meal of 'chuppatties' on iron plates which they carried tied up in their clothes. Then they sat down to eat round a fire of brushwood. As soon as Zangi was well settled, Shahguli got up, saying he was cold and would get some more wood. As he returned, he came up behind Zangi, and with one swift thrust of a dagger the first item of the diabolical treaty was executed. Cries of 'Shabash!'—'well done'—hailed the infamous deed, the corpse was dragged a few yards away, and the brethren sat down to a well-earned meal, and thereafter to peaceful and untroubled slumber—save Shahguli.

As soon as the deed was done, he stole down under the cover of night to Dalli's 'kot,' where he lay concealed pending action by Samandar. Before daybreak Dalli carried over the money to the latter and arranged the mode in which his dependents were to be betrayed to their death. This again was quite simply done. In the morning Samandar sent for Shando and told him that he had received a summons from the Political Agent to produce him and the woman on the following day. This, he pointed out, could only mean that their presence in Wana was regarded as likely to cause trouble with the Mahsuds, and that they would be offered their choice of retiring to independent territory or being deported across the Indus. He advised Shando to forestall this action; for news of it would soon spread, and, should he decide on retiring to independent territory, his enemies would be on the look-out for him. It would be better to fly at once. This would be safer, and the Political Agent would be satisfied with Samandar's replying to the summons that the parties required had already quitted his jurisdiction. To Shando the advice seemed good; he had no doubt of Samandar's good faith, and only hesitated about the choice of his asylum. He discussed this at length with Samandar, and finally it was agreed that in the evening he and Janikhela should set out for the Gangi Khel of the Dhana, who, though a small tribe, were at enmity with the Mahsuds generally and the Abdurrahman Khel in particular, and would be likely to grant them protection.

As soon as this had been settled Samandar sent word to Dalli, who informed Shahguli. As quietly as could be the latter slipped away to his waiting brethren on the slopes of Kotkum. The news

was received with unfeigned joy, and they were quickly off over the hills to the Dhana valley. Just round the corner of Patnai Warsak, where the valley debouches on to the Wana plain, and a few hundred yards outside the protected area, the track crosses a nulla. Here the ambush was laid, and the brethren lay down to await their victims.

Shando and Janikhela stayed until the heat of the day was over, and then set out. Shando leading, they trudged over the plain and joyfully turned the corner of the Patnai Warsak ridge. Half their journey was over, the first of the Gangi Khel 'kots' was in sight, and they had no doubt of reaching their asylum in safety. They moved on happily, chatting in desultory fashion as they went, and soon neared the fatal nulla. As they came up, three lurking figures cuddled the stocks of their rifles into their shoulders, and three fingers twitched with excitement on the triggers. The luckless lovers began the steep descent to the nulla bed; three shots rang out, and two corpses rolled over on the stones.

Three figures leapt out of ambush, rejoicing that the dishonour of Khalu had been avenged; wild cries of joy rang out on the heavens, and every imaginable insult was hurled at the bleeding victims of their vengeance. Baluch dropped the butt of his rifle on Shando's still quivering face and cursed him as he lay, and Shahguli kicked Janikhela's body, exclaiming 'Shameless bitch! barren to a better man and fruitful to that dog of a Wazir! May all the tortures of Jehannum be thine and his!'

As a token of the crime for which Janikhela had been done to death, her nose was cut off, the corpses were left to the wolves and jackals, and the brethren, vengeance-sated and blood-stained, returned joyfully to their homes.

IV.

By the evening of the second day all Wana was buzzing with the news of the murders on Kotkum and Patnai Warsak. Though beasts had mangled the corpses, their identity was soon established, and doubtless somebody talked. No Pathan can keep a secret, and the whole countryside was soon aware of the infamous treaty and its barbarous execution. Jaggar and his brethren were openly congratulated on their complete and successful vindication of their

brother's honour, which was held to be in absolute accord with 'Pushtun-wali,' or the Pathan code of honour—but Samandar's treachery was universally condemned. Even the Mahsuds reprobated the breach of honour involved in the betrayal to death of the 'hamsayas' to whom he had promised protection, and the Wazirs felt the added ignominy that the traitor was one of their chief 'maliks,' and the victims had been betrayed to the hated Mahsuds. In every 'kot' and at every mosque in Wana, in the 'kiris' on the plain, and by the goatherds on the hills, the story was told over and over again, and hotter and hotter grew the indignation with Samandar. The latter angrily protested his innocence, but his protestations carried little weight against the inexorable logic of the facts that within a few hours his hated enemy Zangi had been decoyed away and his own dependents had met their death. Such coincidences were held to be the work of some other agency than chance. So bitterly was the slight on Wazir honour felt, that Banucha, the chief 'malik' of the Zilli Khel, summoned a 'jirga' of the tribe to consider what was to be done.

After long discussion it was decided to put Samandar to the oath, and the 'jirga' adjourned to the chief mosque for him to take it. The Mulla brought out the Koran in its silken wrappings, and Samandar stood forward to vindicate his innocence. But ere he could do so, another discussion arose as to what he was to swear to. The argument went backwards and forwards, and when Shando's relatives began to allege that Samandar had arranged the betrayal through Dalli, things began to look black for them both. At this juncture Dalli sprang up and strode to the front, saying that he was ready to swear that he had never discussed with Samandar the murder of Shando and Janikhela, nay—that he had never mentioned their names to him. Samandar was not slow to take the hint, and promptly offered to take the same oath with the additions that he had made no arrangements with Jaggar and that he had merely warned Shando that the Political Agent was likely to remove him and the woman from Wana. Somewhat surprised by the joint offer, Shando's relatives professed their content, and before the whole 'jirga' the two villains in turn laid their hands on the Holy Koran and took the oath of innocence, doubtless consoling their consciences with the reflection that their words were literally true.

For a time the taking of oaths satisfied tribal feeling, but not

only was it generally felt that there had been some trickery, but further that, whether Samandar was guilty or not, Jaggar and his brethren had killed his 'hamsayas,' and he, their 'malik,' was bound in honour to avenge their deaths. Samandar demurred, asserting that they had left his protection of their own free will, and that he was not responsible. But the Wazirs were not to be put off, and eventually a full tribal 'jirga' solemnly warned Samandar that his honour was black and he must clear it; should he refuse, he would be considered guilty of the murders and the tribe would take vengeance on him. Whether anything would have come of the threat may be doubted, but at the time the tribe meant business, and Samandar, admitting his liability, promised to take vengeance from his accomplices for the miserable wretches whom he had betrayed into their hands.

The task was no easy one. Jaggar and his brethren were beyond his reach, and Dalli, their only relation within reach, was aware of the promise to the tribe. Samandar himself was fully awake to the difficulties in his path, and also saw clearly that his only possible victim was Dalli. For a few days he kept himself within his 'kot,' reflecting on the situation, and then surprised the whole of Wana, Dalli included, by making a public announcement that, as he could not get at Jaggar, he intended to take revenge on Dalli. The latter took alarm, and from that time forth walked warily, while Samandar filled Wana with complaints that all his attempts were in vain. Time went on, and Dalli was meanwhile kept in a state of high tension. Samandar was powerful and he was weak, and he never knew whence the blow might fall. When Samandar judged that the tension was telling on his nerves, he let out in casual conversation one day that he would be willing, if a sufficient sum were offered, to settle the feud for a money payment, provided Dalli made the offer in due form. This entailed Dalli admitting his fault, humbly beseeching Samandar to be reconciled, and offering a sufficient sum as blood money, and by custom this ceremony had to take place at Samandar's 'kot.' Dalli saw the danger clearly, but refusal of the offer entailed most unpleasant consequences. He could either go in daily fear of sudden death, or abandon his property, quit Wana, and become a 'hamsaya' of the Mahsuds. After much thought he decided that the best policy was to accept Samandar's offer under the strongest guarantees available, and sent a messenger offering to approach him in the due form and beg for pardon on payment of the usual

blood-money, provided that Samandar would take a solemn and public oath on all the Korans in Wana that he would do him no harm. Samandar joyfully accepted, and on the day appointed seven Korans were carried in solemn procession to his 'kot,' and placed by the Mullas on a bed in front of him. Before several relatives of his own and some of Dalli's he laid his hands upon them and with all due formality took oath to do no harm to Dalli provided he atoned duly for his fault by making reparation for the deaths of Shando and Janikhela, so foully murdered by Jaggar and his brethren. When the oath had been duly taken, Dalli's relatives went off to inform him, and soon brought him, unarmed, to the 'kot,' carrying a pot of fire on his bare head in token of his humiliation, and bearing grass in his mouth to show that he was Samandar's sheep to do with what he would. On arrival he fell on his knees before Samandar, and clasping his knees besought him to settle the feud which had arisen between them on account of the deaths of Shando and Janikhela for payment of blood-money. With equal solemnity the other party to the infamous treaty lifted him up, and, embracing his partner in guilt, promised to forgive him for the murder of his dependents who had paid with their lives for their trust in his honour, and was graciously pleased to accept the money. He then removed the fire from Dalli's head and the grass from his mouth, bound on his turban, and loudly protested that he was his friend and brother, beseeching him to honour him by becoming his guest and eating bread. It was impossible to refuse, for the invitation was in full accord with Wazir custom. Samandar appeared rejoiced at the acceptance, and, leading Dalli by the hand, sat him down in the place of honour on a bed covered with a rug, and began to press on him the dainties which had been prepared. His cousins did the same to Dalli's companions, and soon the whole party were engaged in all apparent amity in doing justice to the feast.

Suspicion gradually faded from the minds of Dalli's relatives, and they ceased to watch every movement of their hosts with suspicion, and to keep a hold on the butts of their pistols. Even Dalli began to feel confident that Samandar meant to keep his oath, and became more at his ease and more of his jovial self. The moment for which Samandar had been watching so anxiously had come; he pressed on Dalli one of the few remaining tit-bits of the sheep that had been slaughtered in his honour, and bade a young cousin go fetch the second sheep. The latter rose, and slipping behind Dalli, whose attention was engrossed by Samandar,

shot him through the neck. His relatives were off with lightning speed, and ere they were out of the courtyard Dalli fell back dead—a treacherous schemer of black murder, but white beside his doubly black host.

Such at any rate would be the natural view of those unacquainted with the intricacies of the Pathan code of honour. But according to that, killing of an enemy in a feud is no murder, and to secure that desirable end all treachery is not only permitted, but, if successful, applauded. The Wazirs could find no words of praise too strong for the second black treachery of the man whom, a few weeks before, they had threatened to kill for his first. In their opinion he had made white by revenge the honour which had been blackened by the murder of his 'hamsayas' by their enemies, and had proved that his oaths to the 'jirga' were true. Of his false oaths to Dalli they recked nothing; these were merely means to the achievement of a highly laudable end—the destruction of an ally of the hated Mahsuds, over whom they felt entitled to crow—a position to which, as a tribe, they were comparative strangers. These views were repeated *ad nauseam* to me by all my callers for many days, and they were obviously astonished and hurt by my reluctance to pardon on payment of a small fine the treacherous 'malik,' who in fear of my action had fled into independent territory. From this point of vantage he let me know that, had he known that I should take so seriously the murder of such an atrocious villain as Dalli, he would have taken the trouble to kill him outside the protected area; he regretted this oversight, and was ready to pay up any reasonable fine for reinstatement; and indeed, as he had netted two thousand rupees in the course of his nefarious transactions, he was well able to pay. For the present he was told that he could surrender unconditionally or not at all, and to this he was not inclined. Politically, the murder of Dalli was of no great importance; it was regarded as a highly moral murder by the Wazirs, and the only danger of trouble lay in revenge being taken by Jaggar and his brethren inside protected limits. For this reason there was no hurry for me to settle up with Samandar, and he had a highly unpleasant summer across the border. Jaggar and his brethren kept him from morning till night in fear of his life; he hardly dared leave the 'kot' in which he had established himself, and even there was the subject of one of the most up-to-date efforts in Pathan revenge. Shahguli and Baluch joined Mianji, the famous raider, in an expedition, and persuaded him to attack a camp of coolies

at work on the Gomal road. They secured, *inter alia*, a supply of dynamite, wherewith they essayed one dark night to blow up Samandar, 'kot' and all. The only result was a broken arm to Baluch and a large hole in the ground, but the lack of success detracted little from the sporting nature of the attempt.

The effect on Samandar was however good, and by winter he was in a much humbler state of mind. The Wazirs took advantage of the Chief Commissioner's visit to approach him in a body and ask for Samandar's pardon. This was eventually granted on payment of double blood-money—once to the Government and once to Dalli's heirs—and Samandar retook his place in Wana society with greater honour and respect than before.

Jaggar and his brethren were warned that serious notice would be taken of any attempts to secure revenge on Samandar in the protected area, as they had had a fair chance of killing him outside it, and as Dalli's relatives had accepted a money settlement. They however had their hands full in their own country; their enemies there were many, and Mir Dil, the Mal Khel 'malik' of whom their victim Zangi was the 'hamsaya,' took up that feud on his own, and, raising many allies, made things very hot for Jaggar and his family.

The campaign came to a crisis at a really well-contested little skirmish in Badr, wherein a gallant charge by Mir Dil at the breast-works erected by Jaggar's party was entirely successful, and ended in a siege of Jaggar's 'kot.' Eventually, for this and other reasons, Jaggar and his whole family removed to Afghanistan, where they still abide—descending occasionally to Mahsud country for a summer holiday, crusading against Government and raiding on all sides.

Samandar was thus left free from all anxieties from this quarter, but did not live long to enjoy the enhanced repute so vilely won. Hardly had I left Wana, when, in August 1908, one of my late orderlies, Jangi Khan, a cheery soul and my very good friend, shot him in pursuance of another feud before a full 'jirga.' A free fight ensued; besides Samandar, four persons were killed and one wounded, and my friend Jangi was sentenced to fourteen years' rigorous imprisonment.

The feud may have petered out, but Adin, Samandar's brother, has—I have heard—abducted the wife of Zangi's brother Jamal, and if this be true it is doubtless going merrily on, and will do so as long as Wazir nature remains the same.

L. M. CRUMP.

DE MINIMIS.

'PETRUS GALLISARDUS, Caelius Chalcagninus, and Tzetzes are reported to have written the "Commendation of a Flea"; it was my desire to have seen this, but it was never my chance.' So wrote Dr. Muffet—the Elizabethan authority on insects and, presumably, father of the young lady whose rural banquet was rudely disturbed by one of those spiders, which her father declared were themselves excellent articles of diet, adducing in proof thereof the fact that 'we have in England a great lady yet living who will not leave off eating them.' I also have failed to find this commendation; nor am I even clear whether each of the three vied with the others in praise of that skippish and irreverent insect, or whether there were not three commendations but one commendation—a joint eulogy, even perchance a complete *opus*, libretto by Chalcagninus, lyrics by Tzetzes, and music by Gallisardus. What did they find to praise in fleas? Perhaps their habit of early rising—a detestable virtue, which tends to produce an odious self-complacency in those who practise it—for 'so soon as day breaks they forsake the bed.' Let it, at least, be accounted to them for virtue that they do not get out of bed at that unholy hour from any foolish belief in the merit of such a habit, but because they know their deeds are evil and they are urged by that instinct of self-preservation, thanks to which 'when they finde they are arraigned to die and they feel the finger coming, on a sudden they are gone and leap here and there and so escape the danger.' Excellent Bartholomew, who, with a fine broad interest in the affairs of the universe, wrote 'Of the Nature of Things' in the twelfth century, tells us—in words that reveal how little evolution has affected either fleas or kings in seven centuries—that the flea

'is a lyttell worme of wonder lyghtnes and scapethe and voydeth peryll with leypnge and not with rennynge, and wexeth slow and fayleth in colde tyme, and in somer tyme it wexeth quiver and swyft. . . . And the flee is bredde whyte and chaungeth as hit were sodeynlye in to blacke colour and desyreth blode and byteth and perceeth therfore and styngeth the fleshe that he sytteth on, and doth lette them that wolde slepe with sharpe bytyng and spareth not kynges, but a lyttell flee greveth them if he touche theyr fleshe.'

Nor would the little democrat reverence even the sacrosanct person of an ambassador, as the Bishop of Norwich had rueful reason to realise when he was sent by Henry II. to Sicily. Wiser

travellers than the episcopal ambassador carried with them, in pre-Keating days, powdered flea-bane, which 'by its smell doth astonish the Fleas that they will not bite.' Failing such protection, one could only pray that one's visitors might belong to the older generation; for, 'the lesser, the leaner and the younger they are, the sharper they bite; the fat ones play and tickle men more willingly,'—which reminds one of the pleasing remark of the French lady, '*Quant à moi, ce n'est pas la morsure, c'est la promenade.*'

In sharp contrast to the amiable, plethoric, and elderly flea, 'Tykes will sometimes enter deep into the skin with their nose.' (Though this was written of sheep-ticks it is also true of Yorkshire tykes.) This unpleasant insect's cousin, the louse, 'is a beastly Creature and known better in Innes and Armies than it is Well-come,' and the only thing that can be said in its favour is that in medieval times, when godliness and cleanliness were at opposite poles, it kept good company, being the constant companion of saints. The hair shirt of St. Yves of Brittany, who died in the odour of what his admirers declared was sanctity, was a crawling horror even to his contemporaries, and when its inhabitants fell out he would gently replace them, saying 'Let them go back into their warren.' At a later date 'Functius the Governour of Zurich was like to have written a commendation of wall-lice in medicine,' but apparently his heart failed him.

In comparison with such as these the fly is almost admirable. They love the obscene dark which the fly detests, while 'the light, like Truth, he doth exceedingly rejoyce in, and doth behave himself honestly therein and civilly'—or apparently did in Elizabethan times, for his manners have shockingly deteriorated. Tzetzes, whose sympathy with flies might be prognosticated from his very name, declared with more imagination than accuracy that 'such is their love to those of their own kind that they bury their dead corpses'; if they do so at all, I imagine it must be in much the same way that certain cannibal tribes put away their dear departed. It is a notable peculiarity of the fly that 'he doth not sting with a sting as the Bee and the Wasp do, but with his mouth snout like the Elephant.' Personally, I have been so fortunate as never yet to have been stung by an elephant, but judging by my experience of certain strangely variegated flies of approximately similar magnitude in the Rhone Valley¹ I should imagine that it would be

¹ Upon discussing this point with the friend who was with me on that occasion, he declares that I have exaggerated the dimensions of these flies and that they were really little, if at all, bigger than sheep.

unpleasant. Most people have their own pet deterrent, with which they besmear themselves, or more frequently their friends, but farmers may be grateful for the information that cattle can be protected from the attacks of flies by anointing them with lion's grease. If the butcher should happen to be out of lion fat, which comes under the heading of offal and was therefore never subject to government control, the juice of wild marjoram is said to be an efficient substitute. Travellers in the East will also do well to remember that just as earth from the grave of the prophet Jeremiah keeps away crocodiles so 'Crocodile broth chaseth away flies';—one of those merciful dispensations of Providence by which bane and antidote are to be found in close proximity, crocodiles and flies being alike most troublesome in such countries as Egypt. Yet even Egypt in the days of Moses can hardly have witnessed such a sight as was seen at Tewkesbury on February 24, 1575, when, after a slight flood,

'in the afternoone there came downe the river of Avon great numbers of flies and beetles, such as in sommer evenings use to strike men in the faces, in great heaps, a foote thicke above the water, so that to credible mens judgement there were seene within a payre of Butts-lengths of those flyes above an hundred quarters. The mills thereabouts were dammed up with them for the space of 4 dayes after, and then were clesed by digging them out with shovels: from whence they came is yet unknowne, but the day was colde, and a hard frost.'

Classical scholars need not be reminded that, while Homer finds in the fly a simile (correct but unconvincing) for the reckless and persistent valour of the Greeks, Aelian 'inveighs against their procacity and sauciness,' and Plutarch, whose portraits, if I remember right, show him to have been bald, complains that they 'do not shew the least courtesie or the least shew of a grateful minde for what they receive of any man.' These sons of Baalzebub might learn a lesson from the devotion of one of the smallest and most musical of their tribe, the gnat who, seeing a snake about to bite that other sweet singer, Virgil, settled on the poet's ear and stung with all his strength. Virgil, who seems to have excelled the common race of men as much in quickness of hand as in the turning of hexameters, sat up and slapped and slew the gnat, while, as Milton remarked on another occasion, 'Back to the thicket slunk the guilty serpent.' That night the ghost of the gnat visited Virgil, and the next morning the remorseful poet returned to the

scene of his slumbers, buried the corpse of his preserver with appropriate rites, and composed an elegy 'De Culice.'

Another kindly creature is the mantis, whose pious pose of uplifted hands sceptical naturalists now assure us is an attitude of preying and not of prayer. Earlier and more sympathetic observers knew better, and saw in her Nature's anticipation of the London policeman, for 'if a child aske the way to such a place, she will stretch out one of her feet and shew him the right way and seldome or never misse.' Similar consideration for children is also to be found in a quarter where we should little expect it; for the admirable Muffet assures us that 'all little Worms found in prickly herbs, if any meat stick in the narrow passage of the throat of children, will presently help them.' In this connexion

'One Samuel Quickelbergius, a learned young man, saith—As I was gathering of Simples, a certain old man came unto me whilst I sought for a little Worm in the head of the Fullers Teazill, and he said unto me "O thou happy young man, if thou didst but certainly know the secret vertues of that little Worm, which are many and great." And when I entreated him that he would acquaint me with them, he held his peace and by no intreaty could I obtain it of him.'

The greater part of this precious secret, it is to be feared, died with the mysterious old man, though we do know that this particular worm is almost as good a remedy for toothache as spiders' eggs mixed with spike oil. Talking of worms,

'I need not contend that there are worms in small Nuts, for all men know it: it is strange that Ringelbergius writes, that these Worms may be fed to be as big as a Serpent, with sheeps milk, yet Cardanus considers the same and shewes the way to feed them.'

This experiment, however, is hardly worth the trouble, except as a matter of curiosity, for few people are really fond of worms, however large, and most of us are more anxious to diminish than to increase them. While such diminution may be effected with some of the patent poisons employed with horrid success on golf greens, it may be as well to bear in mind that more romantic methods are available for men of adventurous spirit, and especially for those who have had experience in raiding trenches, for

'it is good also in tempestuous and dark nights to go into gardens silently, and to creep upon them, by the help of fire carried in a

horn : for so in one night thousands of them may be intercepted and killed.'

That 'worme of slyme,' the snail, which 'is a right slowe worme in mevyng and is a manner snake and beareth an harde shelle on his backe and closeth him therin and is an horned worm,' was not distinguished by name from his houseless brother, the slug, until comparatively recent times. For once the animal creation has got back some of its own, and, in revenge for the derogatory use of the titles of donkey, pig, and goose applied to mankind, that loathly worm is called after the human 'slugge who lokyth to be holpe of God that commawndyth men to waaake in the worlde.' Moreover, our friend Bartholomew has introduced a further confusion by anticipating Mr. Punch's railway porter and asserting that 'the Tortuse is accounted among snailes, for he is closed betwene mooste harde shelles.' But then Bartholomew's strongest point was not scientific classification and he lumps together all kinds of caterpillars and glow-worms under the name of 'the Malshragge,' which he describes, in words which all gardeners who have to squash these juicy marauders will admit are horribly true, as 'a neshe worme and full of matter, distyngued with divers colours, shynynge as a sterre by nyghte, and hath many colours and foule shape by daye'; while he goes on to assert that it becomes 'a fleeyng worme hyghte Papilio.' On the subject of butterflies he is inclined to think that they should be called 'smale foules,' but quotes Papias as saying that they

'be smalle fleenge beastes that come by nyghte when lighte is kyndled in candelles and labour to quenche the light of the candel, and so they be brent in the fyre of the candelles, and somtyme when they laboure to destroye lyghte of other bestes, they are punyshed and hurte in their owne bodys'—

an explanation of their foolish behaviour which may serve to moderate our sympathy at their fate. No distinction was made before the eighteenth century between the day-loving butterfly and the night-flying moth, the only kind of 'moughtes' known to more remote generations being that 'sensible beaste,' which 'hydeth hym selfe within the clothe that unneth he is seen,' and against whose ravages

'they that sell woollen Clothes use to wrap up the skin of a Bird called the Kings-Fisher amongst them, or else hang one in the shop, as a thing by a secret Antipathy that Moths cannot endure.'

The question whether butterflies are birds or beasts repeats itself in the matter of bees. Nor would it be wise to venture a rash decision, seeing that we have biblical authority for declaring that it is both, with a slight flavour of the vegetable kingdom, the writer of Ecclesiasticus asserting they 'the Bey is but a small beast among the foules, yet is his frute exceedinge swete.' Bartholomew is much of the same opinion, with a leaning towards the animal theory, for he says that

'The bee is a lyttell shorte beaste with many fete. And thoughe he myghte be accounted amonge Volatiles, yet for he useth fete and goth upon them, he may ryghtfully be accompted amonge bestes that goo on grounde.'

Muffet, on the other hand, is most contemptuous of such a classification and declares that

'He that writ the *Garden of Health* seemed to dote much by confidently affirming that Bees were fourfooted beasts, for Nature only bestowed on them four feet, that they might go upright and not more, lest it might hinder their flying. But omitting this futile Author, let us more amply describe this most profitable and wise Insect.'

It would be difficult to the verge of impossibility to invent any legend more remarkable than the true life-story of the bee, but with a proper lack of observation and a genius for the misinterpretation of such things as are observed an imaginative person can at least produce something quite different from the facts. To begin with, it is important to remember that there are three types of bees, according as they are generated from the carcasses of lions, bulls, or calves, and the beekeeper will probably find it wiser, as well as easier, to avoid the first class, as they are apt to be bad-tempered. Whatever its origin, each community is ruled by a king, who is chosen 'by due advice and circumspect choice,' though the monarchy is evidently to some extent hereditary, as 'the Royal race is not begotten a little worm at the first as the Bees are, but presently able to fly.' Strict obedience to the ruler appears to be enforced by the Eastern institution of hara-kiri, for 'Bees that are unobedient to the kyng, they deme them selfe by their own dome for to dye by the wounde of theyr owne styng.' Moreover, the king, when occasion arises, does not hesitate to display the stern impartiality of a Brutus, and

'if he chance to find amongst his young ones any one that is a fool, unhandsome, hairy, of an angry disposition or naturally

ill-conditioned, by the unanimous consent of the rest he gives order to put him to death.'

One cannot help feeling how different the history of the world would have been and how much misery men might have been spared had this salutary and eugenic custom prevailed among human monarchs. Even in the ranks of the commoners the wisdom of Solomon is found, and the bees, patiently as they sit on their eggs and careful as they are of their children, set them to work when they are only three days old, so that they shall not develop idle tendencies and imitate the drones, which, like their human counterparts, 'are not famous either for manners or ingenuity.' Discipline, indeed, is the motto of the hive; 'in the morning they are all still and silent till such time as the Master-Bee gives three hums and raiseth them up.' Then off they go to their work and all their various duties.

'The more ancient and graver sort of Bees are chosen to be the Kings Lifeguard. Others of them administer Physick and undertake to cure such as are sick; and of the Annise flower, Saffron and Violet collect together, compound and give them to drink a most medicinable and cordial Honey.'

Besides these dispensers and nurses there are the humbler orderlies and attendants, of whom 'some bear water to the King and to such of the Bees that are spent with old age and are decrepit.' Oddly enough, there is no mention of the kindly voluntary workers who come round when they have a little spare time to take the poor old bees out for a little airing in their Bath chairs; but it is a pretty picture. When the day's work is done they amuse themselves—possibly with music, but not apparently with dancing, as 'they cannot dance by measure or according to the just number of paces, as the Elephant is said to do'; after all, the construction of the two beasts is somewhat dissimilar and it does not seem reasonable to reproach either for failing to rival the other; and an elephant trying to creep into a foxglove would probably be quite as absurd as a bee attempting to dance a fox-trot. Whatever amusements the bees have in the evening, it is enough for us that they enjoy themselves and

'are noisy until the Captain of the Watch flies about and makes a buzzing, after which signal given, they are all so husht and still that if you lay your ear to the Hives mouth you cannot perceive the least noise.'

Bees naturally suggest that 'poorest bugge that creeps,' the laborious and moral ant, whose ways, despite Solomon's advice, I decline to consider, except in the light of an awful warning; for surely no other creature expends time and energy with such lavish prodigality to effect so little. My sympathies are entirely on the side of the cheerful and improvident grasshoppers, though I have never been so enthralled by their singing as to imitate the ancient Greeks in keeping them in cages. Most moralists, led astray by La Fontaine and the Hebraist James I., regard the frittering grasshopper as the antithesis of the ant and therefore a reprobate and idle vagabond, one of Nature's strolling players, who is lucky to escape a whipping. Dr. Muffet with wider generosity commends it as superior to the clergy of his time :

'The Grasshoppers hold on singing from morning to night, without intermission, very pleasant and sweetly; whereas many Preachers neither preach well nor often, scarce four times throughout the year; truly they may be ashamed, being bred more civilly, to be admonished of their duty by a wilde musician.'

He further points out that grasshoppers sing all one tune and are friends to one another and that they sing more loudly if you tickle their bellies; in all of which respects he asserts that they differ from preachers—though one has heard of a clergyman varying his grace to suit the lavishness of his host's table. In one other respect these insects are different from, but not necessarily superior to, mankind in general, for 'amongst the Grasshoppers the females are silent—but our women have more tongue by far than men.' Most remarkable of all the members of the tribe are the Cilician 'gressehoppers, havinge streyte veynes under the throte; whiche, havinge theire heddes kytte off, synge more swetely, as hit is seyde, than when they have theire hedes, and dedde better than on lyve. Wherefore the schepardes, wyllinge to make them to synge swetely, kytte off their hedes.' Probably this is another point in which they differ from human beings, but there are certain drawing-room amateurs, known to most of us, on whom it would at any rate be worth trying the experiment.

L. F. SALZMAN.

HILLS AND A BOY.

BY GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

II.

IN Sixth Form, at a public school, the fortunate are sometimes left enough to themselves to begin again to grow an idea or to discover an interest. In Sixth Form Library, for me, the school curtains suddenly dragged apart. I came one day upon Whympers's 'Scrambles.' With the first reading (of many—for I knew it in the end almost by heart!) the horizon shifted. Peaks and skies and great spaces of adventure rolled upward and outward like a flood, smashing the walls of a small, eager, self-centred world. I wonder how many boys have owed the same debt to that great boys' book. Snows and glaciers began to 'haunt me like a passion'; the delight in the thought of them always tempered by a little ache of unsatisfied longing. A thin, shifting halo, like the ghost of the solid rainbows that once lighted fairyland for the child, played round any picture or story of hills, even round the words 'mountain' or 'Alp.' A corresponding shadow of envy threw into relief any name or record that could claim an acquaintance with mountains closer than my own. I envied my own childhood, so unconscious of all that had lain hidden near at hand in our early hill walks. As the light intensified with the reading of mountain books I began to live in two worlds. From a dull lesson I could escape at will, to revel in the pleasanter problems of some imaginary and enormous ascent. The flash of blue-white ice and of red rocks followed me even on to the football field and to the bathing-place, and only left me in the rush of exciting movement. In our school hymn-books we, of the choir at least, were accustomed to scribble the date over the hymn of the day and add the record of any great event, such as our appearance in a school match or the winning of a school prize. It is curious now to read among these scrawls the first assertions of a new personality, less arrogant or, at all events, less priggish: 'Shall I ever go to the Alps?' and 'If I could only be a mountaineer!'

Something of the romance, of the rainbow light, that grew rapidly until it filled every corner of that alternative world, has faded with familiarity and with the increasing interest in the

technicalities of climbing. In fact, I do not think that it ever shone among the mountains themselves with the brilliance with which it coloured those days of hope and anticipation. The ache of unsatisfied longing survived perhaps more keenly, and is even now not incapable of challenging its only subduer, the philosophic temper of middle life. But the still, steady flame of aspiration, to which all the emotions kindled by the world of hills real or imaginary contributed, the almost passionate belief that the mountains hold for many of us some ideal which it is even better that they should continue to hold up before us unattained, has never flickered.

But the Alps are not for schoolboys; and the fine tradition of my father's generation, that of the early Alpine explorers, made a walking tour seem in those simpler days a no less dignified and romantic outlet. To South Cornwall I went with my brother. A week of blazing sunshine, with a haze of heat over cliffs and sea. The drooping golden heads of gorse along the borders of the Falmouth estuary seem still to be craning downward, across their tidal collar of parched grey rock, to dip in the blue glassy water. A boy on a dun pony rides down a grassy avenue, where we are trespassing under grey-lichened trees. We are asking our way in a climbing Cornish lane of heavy orchard blossoms and white thatched cottages; and here, suddenly, a gigantic pirate is projected out of a past century! Everything about that ancient was huge! His voice crashed round inside a cottage and roared out of all its doors and windows at once, like a scorching, overwhelming sand-storm. He rolled after it, sweeping its echoes from hedge to hedge up the hot and narrow green lane. Spyglass under arm he rolled, in a vast white-duck jumper, and still hitching up vaster white-duck breeches. His face, big as a mahogany dining-table, shook with his bellowings; dark and furrowed, between great gold hoops of ear-rings and under a grizzled fringe and the low-crowned shiny-black hat that goes only with a pigtail. He thundered all the oaths of Treasure Island to an expectorating undergrowl like the boom of its nightmare surf. We fled, literally, and left him muttering his way—into another blank in memory.

The winding trail of small black wasps, on the moors above Hone, is explained to me as the pupils of a Jesuit seminary. They remain clear; probably because it was mysterious to speculate what language they could be talking, and what they might be feeling under their smooth black soutanes, among those wild

russets and purples of the moors. The church window, with Charles Kingsley's face in crude-coloured glass, has crept up into the picture behind them—a freakish juxtaposition!

Mevagissy, a musical name, and the songs of stalwart young fishermen in the street below, run through a haunted night of over-fatigue in the village inn. Beyond, the walk disappears in a land flowing with milk and honey; hot days among rivulets of milk-white china clay, that cut flat paths off the bluffs and out across the honey-yellow sand. Above the bluffs lay the tempting coolness of meretricious pools, glittering like the eyes of snakes, electric blue and blue-green turquoise. But the disappointment at the loss of all the bathes they seemed to offer, false as a mirage, was lessened by the discovery that they were only 'reservoirs'; and bathing in a reservoir, to a boy, is no better than wearing imitation rings or being put off at tea with rhubarb jam.

The old remembered hills of North Wales might surely look different in the light of this new understanding. The pilgrimage had to be made, and soon. A great friend and I designed a holiday walk, and with the fresh fascination of the safety bicycle to consider, we planned cunningly to journey from west to east, with the prevailing wind. We missed a train: and the tour became a prolonged thrust against wind and rain from east to west. The bicycles died out of use, and out of memory, on the first day. Arenig for revenge, the Arans for piety, Cader Idris for remembrance, followed in rapid order. Of a long day over Diphws, Llethr, and all the Rhinogs two instantaneous glimpses alone survive: an angle of grey sheep-wall on Llethr, visible for a few feet above stubby grass sprayed with wet diamond-dust, but lost above in a wind-hover of mist that ruckled and mourned through the chinks; and two dripping, sack-laden figures stumbling furiously out of a gorge, bent on covering the eight rough miles to the railway station in less than the hour that remained. There was still half a mile to go when we saw the puffy little train dawdling across the flats by the sea. We caught it, I know; for I still feel under shoulder-blade and knapsack the warm ache, steamed in by hours of stiffening in a draughty carriage, which leaves an indelible wrinkle on the page of memory.

Moel Wynn, Cynicht, and Moel Siabod made another heavy day for young legs; and we were dry-throated and almost cross as we ground up the last marshy slopes of Siabod in a hot-red sundown. We used to pay overhead in those days to a super-

stition against drinking. The sight of the lonely dot of Pen-y-Gwryd far below happily absolved us : and there was water enough in the bogs of descent. The thirsts of those early untried feverish years ! And the miracle of the deliciousness of cold hill water, never failing of its astonishing thrill ! It was, of course, only in accordance with the history of uncomfortable humanity that the discovery of such a novel and inexpensive pleasure should at once be neutralised by the invention of a new virtue—in its renunciation ! Without pride, with regret alone I now recall that voluntary martyrdom, and the obstinacy with which for several youthful years I persisted, even on the most burning snow pass, in rating the indulgence of a heartless self-control above the higher inspiration of a glinting mother-of-pearl shell, as it used to be proffered me, filled with a cool blend of lemon-juice and glacier water upon which transparent crystals of ice floated frostily.

So it happens that thirst remains as the connecting memory of walks among Irish hills ; and particularly of a long and lonely crossing of the Reeks of Kerry. As children we had been familiar with our neighbours the Wicklow Mountains. Their inconstant complexion, changing almost hourly, and their mysterious shiftings—one day looming right over the garden and the next hardly visible on a remote horizon—had been our sure prophets of weather. But our expeditions upon them were always of the nature of picnics ; and a picnic meant the conduct of an impromptu donkey tandem. No self-respecting Irish ass ever condescended to be guided by our reins ; some of the party had always to run beside the leader directing progress with cow-boy stock-whips. And between the exuberantly cracking thongs, the bumping over rocks up rutted hill-lanes and the rattling of chains and springless wood-work that might at any moment conceal the noise of a snapping shaft, any boy who spared more than a side-glance for the scenery ran unwarrantable risk ! Our usual leader, Michael Davitt, a rabbit-eared, long-coated, unripe-strawberry-coloured misanthrope, lived only for one end, to double back, climb in over the tail of the cart, and bite the occupants. On occasions when he seemed likely to succeed, the wheeler, chosen for the day out of a local menagerie of grey churls, known respectively as 'The Herd's Donkey,' 'Flannagan's Ass,' 'That One from The Burrow,' and 'Malachi,' turned a somersault of sympathy in the shafts. With his head well back under the cart he would continue his activities, drumming upward upon the bottom boards with all four feet and

snapping at the hocks of Michael Davitt as he strove to climb in at the back.

Only upon a steep down-grade was their action ever harmonious: they would bolt unanimously. The leader, taking no unfair advantage, would race neck and neck with his wheeler along any ditch or bank parallel to the lane. The cart quickly rid itself of the picnic, although the lucky boy driving could occasionally cling on by the reins, with his legs streaking out upon the wind. And yet I do not ever remember a picnic failing to reach its objective: whether that was the mountain farm at Balinascorney, famous for a brand of green and butter-oozing potato-cake, or a kettle fire of damp sticks among the inviting ruins of the Hell Fire Club.

The donkeys were diversion enough from any scenery; and yet even they were overshadowed, as a distracting foreground, by The Pig from the Gate, whenever we tried to assemble it as a competitor in our always popular animal race. It might take six of us all a forenoon to persuade it up the quarter-mile of hilly avenue; whereafter it would faint artistically in a loose-box, and have to be revived with stable-buckets of cold water. The pig, I must add, did not win a race; it never failed to recover sufficiently to keep consistently off the course. The first prize went to a philosophic gander, piloted by my father, which paced sedately round the track, and sat out long intervals for meditation among the roots of the thorn tree, our turning-point. I had ill-fortune, for my cat came of an hysterical family, and shot away at once, swearing in Gaelic, over the ivy-wall; and its understudy, an aged hen, underwent paroxysms of shuddering immobility whenever she found herself alone at the head of the field.

But when we planned a Polo afternoon the donkeys had it all their own way again! They were ridden bare-backed, with a hay-rope for bit and bridle. In steering, one of us was supposed to have an initial advantage, because he could paddle his legs along the ground on either side of his mount. But it was the same for all when the whistle blew! Players and chargers scattered forthwith and in tumult widely over the park, and were occupied thenceforward in extricating themselves and their donkeys alternately from ditches and hedges. My own razor-backed beast, the 'Conors' Ginnet,' indeed stood firm, eyeing the receding circus sardonically. Lonely on the abandoned field I urged him, suggestively and step by step, during the first half-hour up to within a few feet of the ball—a football, lying appealingly in the middle

of the ground. There he stuck fast, at a nicely judged distance, just out of reach. When at last I smote him in wrath with my converted hockey-stick, he hoisted vertically, dislodged me from the few sittable square inches above his tail where he was alone built in two dimensions, and stood still again—to watch me pitching accurately and headforemost upon the ball. The stout football broke the impact, and slid a few feet forward along the wet grass: this was the only occasion upon record when the ball was stirred, or approached, by a player in the series of our donkey-polo matches.

However, we were once taken for a week on our own feet round about Killarney. The jangling stream of beggars that then infested the Gap of Dunloe—picturesque enough had we thought so—survives only as a noise. In higher relief, probably because of its mystery, endures the legend that in the hidden House of Kenmare 'every door-handle is made of a French enamel watch-back.' Temporarily our fascinating animal world had been shifted out of the foreground, and as a consequence the level Irish sunlight breaking out of the wooded crest of Torc—up which we scrambled—or glinting down over the lovely and laborious slopes of Purple Mountain, and the shadows scarring the bluffs of Eagle Crag—bluffs which could return echoes across the lake more musical, as is the nature of echoes, than the sounds they recalled—awoke some sympathetic impression; and the thought of them revived attractively as soon as the time of mountain wandering began. Assuredly, something of the secret which the mountains now seemed to promise must lie hidden behind that rampart of sunlight and those singing echoes.

From London I journeyed direct. In the solitary night train a long and loud and tipsy Limerick drover banished useful sleep. But the village of Killarney, when I trudged out into it at dawn, still slept, and slept intimidatingly. In an English hamlet there is a look of busy sociability on the faces of the cottages along the main street. They crowd up together officiously and good-temperedly, open-eyed and silent. They remind one of children at an open-air school feast, fidgeting along the sides of a straight table and trying to keep from grinning until Grace is said and the clatter can break loose. In an Irish village the houses are shy and casual. They have strolled up separately, to find themselves meeting, by chance, with reluctance. Mistrustfully from under their eaves, and sometimes askance or over their shoulder, they peer out at

one another and at the irregular expanse of muddy roadway spreading forlornly through their dispersion.

With an intruder's caution I muffled my bootnails in the muddy middle of the street, skirting clear of the staring windows. Softly as I tramped, sudden, ominous rooks would keep flapping up metallically against the yellowing of the horizon behind bare rusty branches, and cawing malignantly from the gables. I ground my teeth—noiselessly—at them for their betrayal, as I felt the window-panes beginning to shoot crooked yellow glances at me in their first reflections of the low dawn.

The long miles round the lake, 'blinded' by jealous plantations, kept up the atmosphere of hostility; and it was renewed at the foot of the Hags' Glen, where a lanky, whiskered cottager, who had been rewarded prematurely for his offer to guide me across the torrent, left me islanded upon a slippery rock in mid-rapid, and attempted to dash back past me. I am glad that a clutch at his unfriendly coat brought upon him the sousing that he had plotted for me. His was the only graceless nature that I ever met with in Irish wanderings.

As I clambered up the witch-like Glen, the wind hooted low and high through toothless gaps in the fangs of crag mumbling at the mists above my head. Higher again the summit of Carran Thuoile was shrouded in a blankness of shifting vapour; and behind and through this invisible Things stirred inquisitively. I confess to having bolted down the farther slopes; and I emerged below, into the half-light of day, with some real sighs of pleasure, in large part the author's pleasure, a delighted wonder at having been chased so closely and so realistically by fears of my own creating! Beyond, over the peat bogs, ran an endless road, miles of contracting white ribbon. On a false skyline it might sway upward with a promise of kindly curves: only to cut brutally across the bleakness of some plateau bare of all secret or charm, and to hang down the farther incline like the tongue of a tired dog, protruding itself over yet another infinity of diminishing white ribbon. After a space of hours, a solitary old man piped to me in the Kerry lilt that I had 'eighteen miles to go, but ye'll never get there!'—and he cheered me mightily. And twenty miles farther a solitary lass on a donkey echoed the lilt, 'Ye have eighteen miles to go, and maybe ye won't get there!'—and she made me almost despair. Once I passed a shepherd boy on a grassy hummock, only his rough head showing from among the tangle of his rough-haired sheep dogs. He was wilder

than they ; for the dogs at least were tempted into darting up suspiciously to share a fragment of egg sandwich. Once again I came over the edge of a hollow upon a rag-kilted, gold-curled baby, with peat-brown toes and black, sleeping lashes over violet eyes. She was dancing to herself alone upon a sagging marsh-bridge. Speech her fairy kin had forgotten to grant her ; but after those weary wastes I was glad even of a seeming of human company. Only, at the outset I blundered. With what a pride of gesture she offered me back on tiptoe the moist remnant of my bar of chocolate, most royally reproachful ! Yet it had been no bribe ! The overture had been made without prejudice ; and bore no relation, in my mind, to the thoughtless request for a kiss that followed ! We parted, I fear, gravely, with the misunderstanding still dark between us : but perhaps she ate the rest afterwards ?

For myself, food had long become impossible ; and the half bottle of railway claret, a mingling of Californian vine-bark with the buffet cistern, had been abandoned in the helter-skelter of escape from the nosing and padding Things in the mists on Carran Thuile. The bogs offered no relief from thirst ; for some wiseacre had warned me against the rivers of peat water, treacling with iridescent bubbles among pink-stained rocks. My feet plodded woodenly upon the hard military road, to the hundredth, and then the thousandth, repeat of a refrain that thundered continually louder through my head—‘in a barren and dry land, where no water is !’ Motion became mechanical and stupefying : every dry joint creaked, and any halt as the day wore on foreshadowed a resumption too painful to contemplate.

Sometime towards evening my mind woke up to a lucid interval. I became conscious of hot tea and buttered ‘fadge’ by the hearth of a mud-floored cottage, and of a flow of political talk from the old grandmother, brilliantly sustained, while her two large sons lounged on sentry duty outside the door. Such desolate tramping could have but one origin, an avoidance of the Police ! Good manners forbade any direct allusion to a sympathetic situation, but the understanding and the tactful precautions were complete—‘Ye can rest yer heart an’ feet, child : them lads ’ll watch the road for ye !’

In better heart, after the interlude, the last of the sixty and more miles, of hill and bog and barren road, were trodden out to their end. For they did end at last, in darkness, by the sea ; and amid the warm-hearted extravagance of a south Irish crowd, always

ready to acclaim a sporting venture suitably—and notably in this case by the enthusiastic breaking-open of the station premises to 'rescue' my bag.

What began in donkeys may, allowably, end in mules. We started collecting them the following day from the Kerry cottages, by means of an interpreter; and they poured in upon us, great upstanding Spanish creatures, each attended by a score of sympathisers of all sexes. The mules were yoked to a brake, a supposed four of them. But as our zealous supporters knew of only one method of 'harnessing,' the knotting of independent cords between any projecting corner of the brake and any anatomical salience upon a convenient mule, the number and ordering of the teams that finally emerged varied from day to day surprisingly. We drove them four-in-hand, with reins of lampwick, since that was the only material procurable locally in sufficient lengths; and we traversed the mountain tracks behind them at exhilarating speed. Our drives were not usually those we had intended, nor did they often follow the directions which the lampwick indicated; but they were always sporting and spacious. They might frolic roomily between brown hill-tops and grey meres, or skirt above the sea-cliffs, clinging by pace alone, it seemed, to the heather-tufts that bushed far out over the white leaping of the Atlantic surf. Our only rival was an uncle; who would appear upon lonely moors to challenge and caricature us with his hybrid 'tandem.' A raking roan mare towered restlessly between the shafts of his outside car, slanting it perilously. Beside her, inseparably, frisked her foal, running free and in honour bound to race her for any sociable distance at a bucking gallop. The titular leader of the tandem was a microscopic drab donkey, soured by experience. No persuasion could ever induce it to take its leading position: close under the footboard of the car, and on the opposite side to the foal, it cantered ludicrously, constant only to keep one suspicious eye upon the mare's hind legs. If ever the mare quickened unexpectedly, the donkey's traces, of course, tightened sharply about its quarters, and it was spun round and dragged tail foremost for a space, protestingly and with all four feet wide-clinging to the ruts.

This temporary relapse of mine into 'undue preoccupation with the foreground' is to be regretted; but a record must be truthful. The reanimation of the likings of a childhood—not so very remote—should be held responsible if among the memories of these passionate pilgrimages the milder impressions of later rambles on foot

over Irish mountains, and of moonlit sails up the lakes between them, have wavered into indistinctness or oblivion.

I was beginning to realise that when I walked alone I felt upon terms of closer intimacy with the hills. It was not the feeling of romantic, half-jealous possession which had thrown a glamour over my earlier readings of alpine adventure: but it was a current of thoroughly masculine sympathy, forcible, intermittent, and provokingly attractive. If any part of my attention were occupied with a human companion, with the consideration of an enjoyment other than my own, my mountain friends assumed an agreeable company expression and paraded their heartiest conventions of charm and manner. If I approached them alone, their fascination evaded me little less tantalisingly, but it was in very different fashion. They were compelled to give ground, to yield up something of their confidences—now here, now there, a golden apple of mystery—and for the rest to escape before me, leaving me master of the new height gained. At moments it seemed certain that I should have captured their whole confidence round that cliff or over that summit, had not some irresistible distraction of steep rocks or some temptation of a skyline been flung across my pursuit as an interruption to energy and purpose. In the singleness of a prolonged chase, as in courtship, pursuer and pursued often establish a curious intimacy. It was not much, but I began to feel that it might mean more, both to mind and heart, than any enjoyment of the easy mountain favours which were displayed with so much mocking confidence when I came in the company of other mortals. I had not yet reached the point of expressly designing lonely tours: that would still have seemed a breach of social tradition; and all the influences of a public school training combined to represent solitariness as the forlorn fate of the outcast, and gregariousness as alike the foundation and the crown of 'success.' But if ever the social conscience had been appeased, if companionship were solidly in the background, although it might be defaulting by chance upon the day, then it did really seem as if solitude were exerting itself to console me, doubling vitality, deepening delight, and aggravating alike the emotional fervour of my chase and the ingenuity of the mountain obstacles that delayed it.

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